

The Branksome Slogan



1947

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



SLOGAN REPRESENTATIVES

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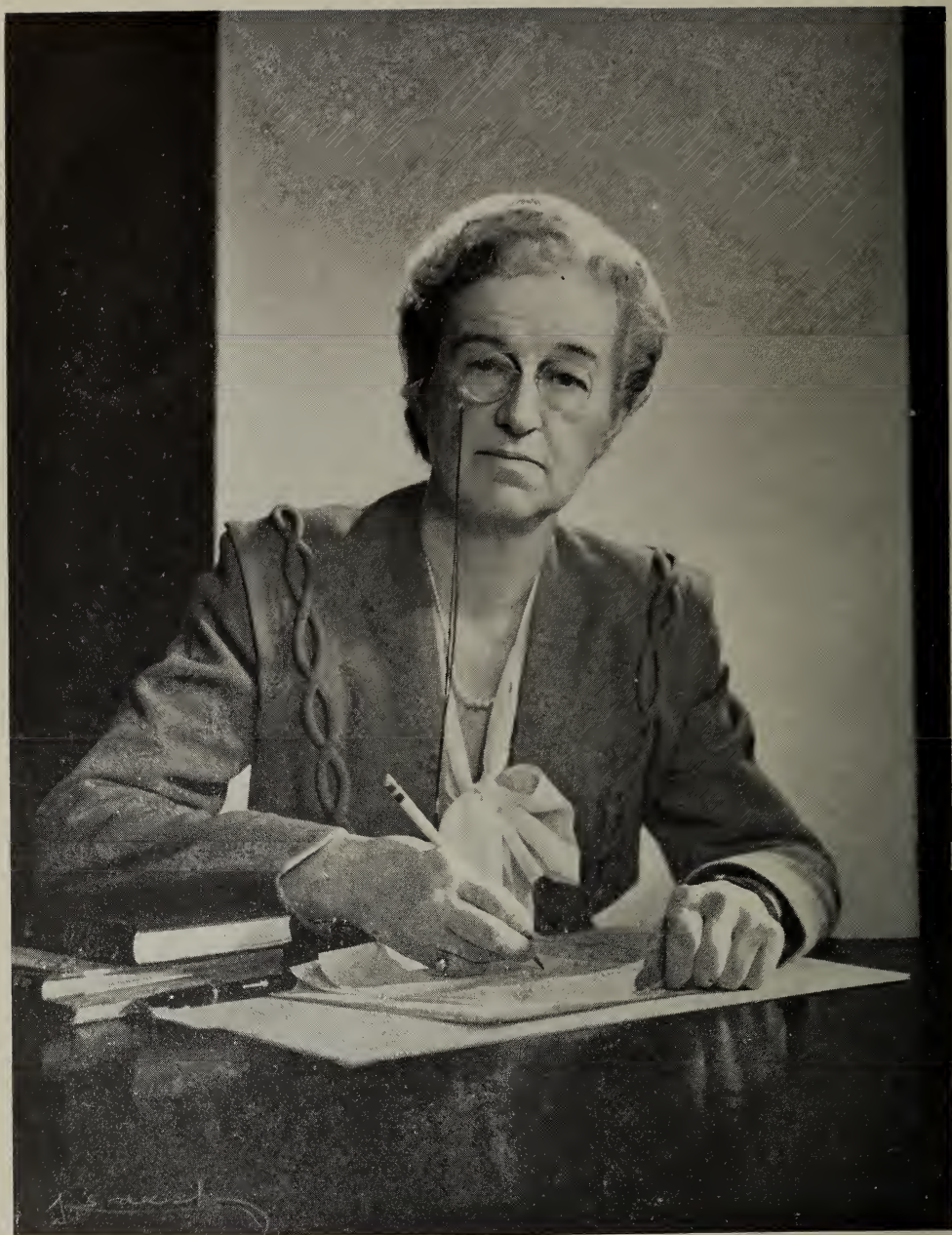
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COMMITTEE: Nancy Blundell, Sally Dalton, Alma Hatch, Shelagh James.

ALUMNAE REPRESENTATIVE: Ainslie McMichael.



MISS EDITH M. READ, M.A., LL.D.
Principal of Branksome Hall School.

EDITORIAL

Through these past, troubled years, Branksome has changed from a school of purely local character, first, to one of national proportions, and finally, to one which draws students from other lands; now Branksome alumnae may be found in every part of the world, and each year brings new girls from countries outside of the Dominion. The most ardent supporter of this exchange of students is our Principal, Miss Edith M. Read, who believes that it will go far toward solving international differences, thus bringing a fuller peace to the world of nations.

Miss Read came to Branksome in 1906, three years after it was founded, and in 1910 became Principal. From the time of her entrance into the School until the present date, she has devoted herself whole heartedly to its development and improvement. Perhaps very few of us know that she has been the director and organizing spirit of one school longer than any other educationalist in Canada, man or woman. This, indeed, is a record of which Branksome is justly proud!

In 1942, when Miss Read received her honorary Doctor of Laws degree at Dalhousie University, Professor H. L. Stewart wrote: "The Senate presents her for honorary degree because of her signal achievement in directing the work of a great school, whose advance she still carries further and higher year by year, and whose pupils—present and past—however widely scattered, concur in grateful admiration of her service to them."

However, Miss Read contends that it is not the Principal, but the students and staff, who put the heart, the character and the spirit into any school. Let us then, in our years at Branksome, meet our responsibilities and our problems with the realization that we are the future citizens of a world community; let us "Keep well the road", that we may give to the school those qualities of greatness, nobility of character and genuine achievement, and let us, the students, justify Miss Read's belief in us, and hope that we, by giving ourselves to the bettering of the School, may encourage the growth of a spirit that will spread "from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth".

THE EDITORS.

CALENDAR FOR 1946-1947

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| Sept. 11th—School re-opened. | Dec. 4th—Mr. Anderson —
"Skiing." |
| Sept. 13th—Gathering of the
clans. | Dec. 13th—Senior Dance. |
| Sept. 17th—Toronto Symphony. | Dec. 15th—Carol Service. |
| Sept. 19th—Junior Picnic Farm. | Dec. 18th—School Closed. |
| Sept. 20th—Residence Picnic
Farm. | Jan. 9th—School re-opened. |
| Sept. 27th—"Henry V." | Jan. 11th—Hockey—Maple Leaf
Gardens—Boston vs.
Toronto. |
| Oct. 2nd—Thomas L. Thomas. | Jan. 12th—Bakht Singh. |
| Oct. 4th—B. Ball, Old Girls vs.
Present. | Jan. 17th—B. Ball at Maple Leaf
Gardens. |
| Oct. 7th—B. Ball, St. Clements
vs. B.H. | Jan. 22nd—"As You Like It." |
| Oct. 11th—Thanksgiving Week-
end. | Jan. 24th—Swimming Meet at
B.S.S. |
| Oct. 19th—Rev. Tom Harris. | Jan. 31st—"At Home." |
| Oct. 23rd—Installation of Pre-
fects. | Feb. 5th—Ice Follies. |
| Oct. 25th—Barn Dance. | Feb. 14th—Third Form Plays. |
| Oct. 29th—B. Ball, St. Clements
vs. B.H. | Feb. 21st—Second Form Plays. |
| Oct. 30th—"Hamlet." | Feb. 24th—Alec. Templeton. |
| Nov. 1st—Ramabai. | Feb. 28th—"Admiral Crichton."
ton." |
| Nov. 3rd—Rev. Dr. Paulin. | Mar. 2nd—"God In Creation." |
| Nov. 5th—Kreisler. | Mar. 7th—Week-end. |
| Nov. 8th—Minstrel Show, Form
V. | Mar. 16th—Mr. Christie Wilson. |
| Nov. 9th—Week-end. | Mar. 28th—Quiz Programme. |
| Nov. 13th—Winter Fair. | Apr. 2nd—School Closed. |
| Nov. 14th—Archery, St. Clements
vs. B.H. | Apr. 15th—School re-opened. |
| Nov. 27th—Tea at Mrs. Bruce
Hunter's. | Apr. 18th—Art Gallery. |
| Nov. 28th—Debate U.T.S. vs. B.H. | Apr. 26th—Niagara Falls. |
| Nov. 29th—B. Ball B.H. vs.
Whitby. | Apr. 30th—Barbara Ann Scott. |
| | May 3rd—Alumnae Dinner. |
| | May 16th—Jr. Swimming Meet. |
| | May 23rd—Week-end. |
| | May 29th—Sr. Sports Day. |
| | May 30th—Tennis Finals. |
| | June 6th—Graduation Dance. |
| | June 7th—Strawberry Festival. |
| | June 8th—Closing Service. |
| | June 10th—Prize Giving. |

AWARDS 1947

JUNIOR PRIZE LIST

- Grade III—1st prize, Hilary Warren. 2nd prize, Linda Stearns.
Grade IV—1st prize, Susan Bailey. 2nd prize, Ruth Anne Mellish.
Grade V—1st prize, Diana Kent. 2nd prize, Patricia Fulford.
Grade VI—1st prize, Elizabeth Smythe. 2nd prize, Toni Stewart.
Grade VII—1st prize, Jennifer Jones. 2nd prize, Margaret Godfrey.
Grade VIII—1st prize, Audrey Budgeon. 2nd prize, Heather McPherson.

SCRIPTURE

- Grade VII—Mary Barnett. Grade VIII—Barbara Weiss.
Essay—(a) Heather McPherson. (b) Edith Thomson.
Progress—Millicent Hsuing.

SENIOR SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

FORM IV

- English—Anne Burton. French—Patricia Marlow.
History—Margot Murray. Latin—Judith Godfrey.
Mathematics—Beverley Rush. Spanish—Gloria Lyons.

FORM V

- English—Shirley Baker. History—Cynthia Dean.
French—Anne Cawthra. Mathematics—Doreen Miller.
Science—Marion Dugdale.

General Proficiency Prizes—Erica Cruikshank, Cynthia Dean, Gretchen Gaebelein, Lorna Tolmie.

Secretarial—Ruth Jennings.

History of Art—VSp. Carolyn Massey. IVSp. Shirley East.

Interior Decoration—VSp. Eleanor Wilson. IVSp. Janet Saylor.

Essay—(a) Erica Cruikshank. (b) Margann Chisholm.

Library Service—Aileen Stinson. **Slogan**—Joan Neilson.

Progress—Grace Seaman. **Punctuality**—Aileen Stinson.

PRIZES VOTED FOR

Integrity—House: Judy Miller. Day: Kathleen Deacon.

Sportsmanship—House: Joan Ross. Day: Mary Craig.

Service—House: Gerda Murray. Day: Shirley Baker.

Loyalty—House: Janet Sinclair. Day: Aileen Stinson.

Perseverance—House: Joan Neilson. Day: Barbara Chisholm.

Comradeship—Catherine Shields.

School Spirit—House: Josephine Williams. Day: Joan Aitken, Gina Baker, Barbara Hargraft, Catherine Catto.

Best All Around Girl—Frances Chase.

MARGARET T. SCOTT MEMORIAL PRIZES

Memorizing of Scripture

Doris Badgley, Patricia Carrington, Naomi de Langley, Marion Dugdale, Alicia Eager, Shirley Mair, Judy Miller, Mary Millar, Gerda Murray, Joan Neilson, Elinor Oaks, Janet Sinclair, Ester Turnbull, Josephine Williams, Eunice Wright.

SCHOOL MEDALS

Ruth Caven Memorial Medal for Scholarship

Form IV—Anne Burton, Patricia Marlow.

Form V—Marion Dugdale.

Governor-General's Medal—Shirley Baker.

Jean Hume Memorial Medal for Leadership—Frances Chase.



OUR HEAD GIRL

Appointments

Prefects



HEAD GIRL—ANNE JAMES

"Little Sulphur" (ask her why!) is five feet of enthusiasm for games, gossip, and gum. Is everyone's friend and a super head girl.

TONY ECHLIN

"Eyeball" is our favourite deb, models fashions from Eaton's, and a cast from skiing. Future Wowing Harlem with her torch songs.



ANNE BURTON

Her favourite expression: "For Pete's sake!" "Smoky" loves horses, holidays, minnow-hunting. Her aim is to find a course combining Lit. and Love.

ELIZABETH GERMAN

"Twinkle-eyed" Beta Kappa Vice-President. Libby distributes Hi Newses, races fish on the pool, and whacks birds at St. Pauls.



CATHERINE SHIELDS

Katy, who loves and is loved by all, lives in the lower bunk. She is an authority on hockey and The Screwtape Letters.

SALLY SPENCE

She leads an unconquerable clan, delights in fashion shows and manages—usually—to cram in nine subjects and the "Star-Weekly!"



JEAN REID

"Poor old Jeannie and her Zoo"—She only studied it a week or two. She has other worries also: dish-washers discipline and dimensions.

MARY CRAIG

Excels in sportsmanship and popularity. Mcoch is headed for physical "ed", interested in "gym" and president of B.B.K.



DIANA WINDEYER

Helpful, hungry, and handsome. She loves basket-ball, badminton, swimming (half-gainers) and her letters to Archie (who doesn't).

JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS

Forever collecting money and chocolate bars. Willowy "Joey" loves Badminton and Trig (!) You notice her breathless "Oh Kids!"



Form V



RUTH BARNETT

Notice her long "late night" look, and gurgling laugh. Pet expression "I haven't a clue", is a Beethoven Ninth" enthusiast.

ANNE GARLAND

The Form V mechanic with a fondness for motor-bikes. She excels in archery; and is headed for Queen's University.



VALERIE BROWN

Controls the B.B.K., a smashing smile, and an Ajax scholarship student. Likes hot dogs, and hot music. Future—Journalism.

JUDITH GODFREY

Lady Judith lives in a whirl—chief librarian, milk-woman, dietitian, and card-dealer. You notice her voice, poetry, and attention (!) in class.



JOAN CANDEE

"Candy's" lovely voice can be heard every Sunday in the choir. Her favourite city—Ottawa. Her favourite expression—"Oh great!"

JANE HAMILTON

"Han" is McLean's energetic chieftain. Anybody ever seen her without that Santa Claus smile? She is headed for Varsity.



CONNIE COLTHURST

Five years of Branksome and Rico still eats lunch slowly! She is always trilling gaily — headed for grand opera, no doubt.

ANN HARGRAFT

Never in bed, early to rise! "Dubber" expects to "be around" when we're gone—she plays it well, but there's no truth in it.



MARION CORNISH

A sports-whizz, "Cornie" likes those jokes with Jane. Noted for laughability on the B.B.K. Future—a bowling success.

JOYCE HASSARD

Burwash's claim to fame. "Hazz" enjoys skiing and swimming; is impulsive, happy-go-lucky and a "good-head".



SHEILA CRAIG

"Aster", our little flower is chieftain—"blackest of the Black Douglas"; loves to harmonize in a mellow monotone (we recommend a mute!).

CHARLOTTE KEENS

"Mother-Wolf" is seen sparkling a U.B.C. pin, knitting diamond socks, and answering those long letters. She is the back-bone of the Beta Kappa.



Form V



JANE KESLICK

VA's vice-president has a bright smile and a cute giggle. "Kes" is a basketball player par excellence, and seems to enjoy chattering in history.



MARGOT MURRAY

Although "Mug" fails to arrive for first period or read anything but "The Dripping Dagger", or put away those cards, her marks are surprising!



GLORIA LYONS

"Kit" aims at being a prima ballerina, but will probably end up in a Coney Island side show. Is nominal chieftain of the McLeods.



ANN PLUMMER

"Plum" is an enthusiastic tennis and badminton star. She hails from Vancouver, and has that "western friendliness."



DONNA MACKENZIE

It isn't fair that anyone who does not diet should be so slim! Our energy-gal, loves managing the community.



BETTY PHILLIPS

Likes music and dancing, badminton and skating. Her weakness - food, especially lemon pie. Destination—nursing.



PATRICIA MARLOWE

"Kleenex, Kleenex," is the cry of this brilliant scholar, she is an authority on washing "rusty locks" and collecting bills.



BEVERLY RUSH

This mathematical whizz is a staunch supporter of the "Big-five Bridge Club". Headed for a career of mending-test-tubes.



JANICE MCCOLL

Jan has a leash on a man. Our vague, red-headed, clan chieftain is heading for psychology at U.B.C. next year.



BARBARA SCOTT

The "strong, silent type." You notice her moccasins, that "Cleopatra" gaze, and her fondness for U.T.S.



ELIZABETH MCCARTHY

"Larky" stars in volleyball, bowling, and canoeing. She likes stamp-collecting and reading. Future — Physiotherapy in Switzerland.



BARBARA WALES

An excellent skier (yea Montreal!) She delights in intellectual arguments, and classical poetry read by the light of her "trusty" torch.

Form V



MARILYN WEBB

This blonde from Montreal enjoys bowling, and other sport activities. She is tops in Maths, and will enter Physics at McGill.



WINEFRIDE DROVER

"Freddy", a Maritimer, is noted for silence, unselfishness, and a habit of spraining her ankle; is fond of Aces (bridges and Rothsay).



NANCY LEE WEBSTER

The girl with the indescribable giggle! N.L. plays basketball, manages the Macalpine Clan. And has definite "scientific interests".



BARBARA EFFINGER

Vancouver's pride. "Barbie" feels ecstasy at strains of "Stardust". Has the Navy her heart? Her voluminous correspondence is our envy.



DORIE BATES

A St. Clement's gal. She is interested in skiing, skating, camping and Ajax. Hopes to enter Physical "Ed."



SALLY EVANS

A Huntsville gal who loves sports, skating, swimming, and especially dancing. She thrives on chocolate milk shakes.



HELEN CAVELL

Gasping laughter, knitting, dressmaking, and Donna keep this bridge-fiend busy between dreams of going to "Vic."



DONNA FARRELL

(Yeah. Port Credit!) Notice her bangs, sportsmanship, and B.B.K. membership. Star pupil in French!



BARBARA CORY

Our little "Prairie Flower" possesses muscles to contend with Henry's. She is an enthusiastic debator and oboist.



JOAN HEISE

Dare we mention Zee, who bid a little slam in clubs when she meant spades, and who finds gym pretty "tough"?



CATHERINE COURTNEY

Cay carries a huge brief case from Cooksville daily. She loves skating and riding. Hopes to become a veterinary surgeon.



DOROTHY HENRY

Beta Kappa member. "Hank's" Philosophy is that "Life can be beautiful." Found most often in the library seeking "general knowledge."

Form V



CHRISTINA HODGE

Falconbridge's pride, Tina is noted for her piercing shriek, "Eee-ooooo", on different occasions. Royal "Vic", Montreal, is Tina's immediate destination.



XANDRA HOSKING

From the far north, likes animals, amusing people, and rambling through life; dislikes hats and hurrying. Probable future—a veterinary surgeon.



JUDITH LIVINGSTON

"Livy", the sub-prefect who keeps an iron hand over Wednesday spares, an impressive Lady Macbeth, is headed for nursing.



EVELYN MANSELL

"Freckles", a member of the B.B.K., jumps at the mention of Ajax. Quiet Ev, likes bridge, swimming, and skating.



JOYCE McPHERSON

This westerner spends her time reading, conversing fluently "en français", and upholding the Beta Kappa. Future: Posture Queen of U.B.C.



ANN MERRIMAN

An English importation. A bird-lover (especially wood-peckers!) A grand sport—even if Banana Skin Bend presented a big problem (she walked down).



BARBARA OWENS

Our shy blonde is off to Occupational Therapy at Varsity next year. Always a lady—she has the "right" idea.



MARILYN POND

"Lily-pad" dabbles in sports, likes hot baths, and sizzling steaks. She is noted for her trim figure and "artistry".



JOYCE RANDALL

VB's model French student is a treasured (?) library ornament. It's Physio-Therapy at Varsity next year for her.



SALLY STEWART

Keen Debator and news-writer, is noted for her long blonde hair and Common-room confabs on latest adventures.



ANNE THOBURN

Hard-working chieftain of the Scotts, is noted for her gorgeous tan. She has "fish" for dinner nearly every Friday.



JOAN VIPOND

"Vip", a glamorous red-head, is usually seen balancing loads of milk bottles; is kept busy as VB president and with outside interests.

V Commercial



SHIRLEY EAST

Strawberry blonde, with green eyes. Always has a word in here and there. Passtime—skiing. Ambition—to drive a car.



ROBERTA McINTOSH

OH! that complexion! Has a mania for arguing and for blue Buicks. Enjoys riding, swimming. Ambition—she is not telling.



N. A. FEATHERSTONE

Class president; a dramatic gal. First one out at 2.30. Her friendly smile will get her far. Ambition—to travel to Europe.



KALLY McFARREN

Noted for her diamond socks and clowning. Kal likes to be by herself except on week-ends. She enjoys golf and tennis.



DAPHNE HAWKES

Commercial's sensational blonde. Daph is the class's star typist! What will she borrow next? Future—undecided.



VALERIE McKAY

"Let's get organized", says our gal with the private telephone. Her interest—loves riding.



ELAINE HUTSON

Commercial's "brain" Blondie. You notice that Antigua accent. Ambition—to be a second Helen Hayes.



JANE McPHERSON

Commercial's wit, always ready for a laugh. You notice her pug nose and shining hair. Future—something pleasant we know.



ELSPETH KERR

Another of our blondes. She shines in typing. You see her most afternoons hurrying off to cash a check. Future—secretarial position.



ALISON MORRISON

Trinidadian waiting for the ship to take her home. Will she miss skating? Spends her allowance on stamps. Loves tennis.



DIANE KINZIE

Hails from Chatham. Star on the B.B. Team. Her correspondence keeps her busy. Ambition—more letters.



JANET SAYLOR

Vice-president, our never ending comic. She has a wide field of interests. Passtime—"docdling". Ambition—to be an actress.

**JOAN CATION**

Member of the Opheleo. Summer vacation—councillor at Camp Gay Venture. Future — nursing, — or a Rhumba Queen.

V Special

**SHIRLEY DODDS**

President of our class. Loves skiing at Summit. Interested in the Theta Delta Fraternity. Wants to have an interior decorating shop.

BARBARA METCALF

Loves clothes. Favourite expression — "Very smart!" — "VERY SMART!" Never knows from one minute to the next what she is doing.

**ANN EDWARDS**

Library representative. A noise—a thump—a face—it's Ann! She hails from the land of "fish and fog".

PATRICIA REYNOLDS

Hails from N.B. First year at Branksome,—comes to us from Netherwood. Entertains us in our dull moments. Headed for college.

**NANCY EDMONSON**

Secretary Treasurer of our class. Bermuda, Florida, West Point, New York—a second Balboa? "Our healthy specimen." Will it be the horses or C. and F.?

MARGARET NESS

"What am I going to wear" Barb's suit? Edmonson's blazer? Wonder what she sees in Chryslers! Future—Dress designer with exotic tastes.

**PEGGIE LITTLE**

Vice-president of our class. Likes skiing, badminton and knitting. Wants to be an Interior Decorator.

MARGARET ROSS

The baby of our class but is likely to take the "big step" first. Likes talking about groceries! (Notice her "band-box" appearance.)





CLAN CHIEFTAINS

Left to Right: G. Lyons, S. Craig, J. Hamilton, J. McColl, N. L. Webster, J. Candee, S. Spence, A. Thoburn.



SUB-PREFECTS

Back Row: J. Vipond, M. Murray, P. Marlow, M. Fletcher, E. Mansell, J. Marriner, J. Hassard, J. Heise.
Front Row: J. Godfrey, A. Hargraft, C. Keens, J. Livingston, D. Badgley.

APPOINTMENTS

Head Girl—Anne James.

HOUSE PREFECTS

Jean Reid, Catherine Shields, Sally Spence, Josephine Williams, Diana Windeyer.

DAY PREFECTS

Anne Burton, Mary Craig, Antoinette Echlin, Elizabeth German.

SUB-PREFECTS—(House)

Doris Badgley, Anne Hargraft, Mary Fletcher,
Joyce Hassard, Jessie Marriner.

SUB-PREFECTS—(Day)

Judith Godfrey, Joan Heise, Charlotte Keens,
Judith Livingston, Evelyn Mansell, Patricia
Marlowe, Margaret Murray, Joan Vipond.

BETTA KAPPA SOCIETY

President—Antoinette Echlin.
Vice-President—Elizabeth German.
Secretary—Diana Windeyer.
Treasurer—Charlotte Keens.

OPHELEO SOCIETY

OFFICERS: Catherine Shields, Lou Donald, Mary
Craig, Josephine Williams.Committee: Doris Bates, Barbara Cory, Barbara
Effinger, Nancy Featherstone, May
Fletcher, Ann Hargraft, Dorothy
Henry, Joyce MacPherson, Sally
Stewart.COMMITTEE: Joan Cation, Ann Edwards, Joyce
Hassard, Elspeth Ker, Margaret
Murray, Beverley Rush.

HIGH NEWS REPRESENTATIVE

Peggy Deachman.

I.V.C.F.

President—Jean Reid.
Vice-President—Muriel Joy Stewart.
Secretary—Melba Rycroft.

CLAN CHIEFTAINS

Scott—Anne Thoburn.
Campbell—Janice McColl.
Ross—Joan Candee.
MacAlpine—Nancy Lee Webster.
MacGregor—Sally Spence.
McLeod—Gloria Lyons.
Douglas—Sheila Craig.
McLean—Jane Hamilton.

SUB-CHIEFTAINS

Joan Ellis,
Judith Godfrey,
Evelyn Howden,
Alison Zimmerman,
Sally Dalton,
Anne Whyte,
Joan Langlois,
Catherine Shields.

LIBRARY ASSISTANT—Judith Godfrey.

LIBRARY REPRESENTATIVES:—Judith Livingston, Elspeth Ker, Ann Edwards, Alma Hatch,
Grace Seaman, Sylvia Thomson, Anne Blackwell, Ann Lowndes, Moyra Smith, Irene Farrell,
Sheila Jarrett, Ann Gilday, Barbara Cadby.

FORM OFFICERS

President

Form VA—Janice McColl
Form VB—Joan Vipond
Form VSp. (Com.)—Nancy Featherstone
Form VSp. (H.E.)—Shirley Dodds
Form IVA—Jessie Marriner
Form IVB—Anne Whyte
Form IVSp.—Margaret Banford
Form IIIA—Cathleen Cherry
Form IIIB—Helen Seace
Form IIA—Norma Webber
Form IIB—Muriel Ferguson
Form IIC—Patricia McClocklin
Form IA—Audrey Budgeon
Form IB—Mary Wilkinson

Vice-President

Jane Keslick
Joyce MacPherson
Janet Saylor
Peggy Little
Joan Langlois
Joan Doty
Sally Beckett
Alison Zimmerman
Harriet Saylor
Patricia Marriner
Diana MacPherson
Geraldine Jephcott
Sue Chisholm

Sec.-Treasurer

Sheila Craig
Xandra Hosking
Diane Kinzie
Nancy Edmonson
Valinda Burruss
Nancy Blundell
Frances Fair
Margaret Ritchie
Mary Lou Porter
Mary Binnie
Sandra Stewart
Doreen Griffin
Sally Jane Dibblee

OUR EDITORS CHECK THE FINISHED PRODUCT



"..... Man's Dominion Has Broken Nature's Social Union"

The dawn rose silvery over the little wood. There was dew on every blade of grass and on every leaf. The rising sun turned the barks of the trees to a ruddy pink, and made the fragile heads of the anemones blush with its touch. A squirrel ran chattering up a tree to be answered in a joyous chorus by a blackbird high up in the branches. The very scent of the morning was alive; everything was young, and rejoiced that it was so.

Soon there came a crashing in the undergrowth as of something heavy moving with difficulty. Then there was the tramp of feet and the breaking of branches. Many men poured into the little wood. They trampled on the anemones with their heavy boots, and never noticed that they had done so; they broke the young branches so that the sap ran out, and never saw what they had done. They too were young, but they had no time to rejoice; they broke branches wantonly and stared out into the distance with straining, anxious eyes. Soon the noises began again,—heavier, louder noises, as of thunder, making the leaves quiver and the squirrel scamper off, leaving the intruders in sole possession of the little wood.

Then chaos broke. It broke with a resounding crash, which reverberated to the distant hills. All that morning the guns roared and bullets fell like hail around the little wood. The machine gun concealed there barked too and that peaceful scene was turned to one of pain and bloodshed and fear. A young boy, with the joy of living and fighting in his eyes, raced into the wood; he was freckled, and his red hair stuck out in unruly tufts from under his tin hat, for he too was learning the business of war.

On and on the battle raged all through that hot afternoon. Smoke covered the fields, covering the men who lay there—men who had been young and strong and healthy like the red-headed boy. But he was a boy no longer; pain and the sight of death had made a man of him. He was lying in the little wood now, with red hot pains coursing through his body. There were strange dots in front of his eyes—dots that would not remain in place. Now they loomed larger and larger and seemed to be falling on him, oppressing him, threatening him. He fought against them and slowly, reluctantly, his will conquered; they were driven away and he could again see the tree above his head. He could not think clearly, but some animal instinct forced him to attempt to move. But even this was too much for him; he could not do it,

even using all his strength and all his endurance. He gritted his teeth in desperation, and the scalding tears of impotent rage filled his eyes as he realized that he was helpless. The red mists threatened him again and he was sinking down and down into bottomless depths, with clouds of pain piling up on top of him; he could do nothing. He heard a voice, a harsh frightened voice cry out in pain; then the clouds could no longer be held off. They rolled inexorably over him.

The moon rose over the little wood and shone down on the broken foliage and on the smashed and ruined trees. The squirrel and the blackbird had fled, and there was no life in the wood; there was only death. The red-headed boy lay still, with all the pain gone from his face. Beside him, one anemone remained, lifting her delicate head in the pale moonlight. The moon passed on, leaving the boy and the anemone alone in their glory.

ANN MERRIMAN,
Form V.

The Case of the Curious Conductor

I first noticed her when I punched her ticket shortly after we left Toronto on the westbound train. She was at dinner in the restaurant car and seemed quite alone. She was a very ordinary looking woman, perhaps in her late thirties, slightly overweight, and dressed lavishly, but in remarkably poor taste. It must have been her first train trip, or, at any rate, her first one alone, for she was very self-conscious. When I passed through the diner again, the waiter had seated a young soldier at her table and she was grinning shyly across it at him.

During the next three days I often saw them together. His seat was opposite hers, and I noticed particularly that while the young man talked long and vivaciously to her, except for an occasional shy remark, her face remained fixed in a frozen grin; her eyes never left his face.

I never saw them after they left the train together at Vancouver, but I thought of them often. I have an insatiable curiosity about people. In fact, after half a lifetime of close contact with human nature, you find yourself noticing people and analysing them, wondering about their complexes and their secrets. Then you begin considering yourself quite a philosopher and amateur psychologist. Thus it was that I had to work out my own theories on human nature in my story of the woman with the frozen grin.

The woman, I had decided, had grown up on a small farm. She

was married at an early age to a much older man, a prosperous neighbouring farmer. She had led a lonely, hard-working life, for her husband was taciturn and miserly, and his temper did not improve throughout the long years of their marriage. He had died recently and she had inherited a few thousand dollars for which she had paid with the best years of her life. Now at last she was free to enjoy herself. She bought a gaudy new wardrobe and a ticket to the West Coast. She had always wanted to travel and this would be her adventure.

On the train she was instantly attracted to the kind young man who spoke pleasantly to her. Soon she was telling him all about herself . . . her lonely life, and her sudden new wealth with which she would now live comfortably. He was so sympathetic. They were engaged a very short time afterwards. In Vancouver they were married and lived quite happily—until her silly grin began to irritate him more and more, and her thriftiness increasingly infuriated him. He used a hatchet and with one blow she was quite dead.

The ending I worked out for the story shocked me. I was disgusted with my melodramatic imagination—for it was only imagination that had prompted my inquisitive mind.

I was infinitely more shocked some time later when I glanced through a Vancouver newspaper. The headlines, telling of a gruesome hatchet murder, blazed up at me. Underneath them was a picture, that of a familiar grinning woman. The article told of her unhappy marriage to an older man, a farmer in her neighbourhood, at whose recent death she had inherited a few thousand dollars. She had married a young soldier whom she had met on the westbound train, and had settled in Vancouver . . .

I realized doubly how poor my psychology had been . . . She had murdered her husband . . . with a hatchet!

JEANNE ROSCOE,
Form IV.



Mission Completed

I am known in Europe as Gaston Richer. My real name is of no importance.

During the early years of the war I was an agent working for the governments of the allied countries.

My story begins on May 31, 1940. Two of us were flown from England to Belgium. There we parachuted, with little equipment, into an open field remote from any village or habitation. We both had separate instructions to carry out after burying our parachutes. We were dressed in civilian clothes and carried no weapons. The authorities had supplied us with new names and citizenship papers.

I knew nothing of my comrade's mission, nor he of mine. We parted without a word or glance, not expecting to see each other again for a long time, perhaps never.

My first problem was to get away from the open field without being discovered by a German patrol. My instructions were to go to a small village, whose name I am unable to disclose, about five miles from the field. Once there, I was to saunter casually to the village inn and there await further instructions. These were to be given me by a contact who was, as yet, unknown to me. I arrived at the inn without incident, and sat in the corner of the dingy, smoke-filled room, watching the sombre faced peasants whisper together in isolated groups and draw quickly apart when they felt the penetrating eyes of the German soldiers, who were sprinkled around the room. The room was filled with tension. Only a few of the village girls showed any signs of friendliness toward the soldiers.

My attention was drawn by loud laughter coming from a table close to mine. A beautiful, young Belgium girl was perched on the knee of a Nazi officer, gaily teasing him, much to the amusement of the other soldiers and the loathing of the peasants. At that moment the door was flung open by the German Commandant of the village. The girl was shoved roughly aside as the officers sprang to attention. The Commandant harshly ordered us all to go to the village square to witness the execution of an allied prisoner, found hiding outside the village.

My heart seemed to stop functioning; for one terrible moment I was filled with cowardice and a desire to save only my own life. It passed. I watched the soldiers bring the prisoner to the centre of the square. It was my comrade. His clothes were torn to shreds and

blood was still flowing from his wounds. His interview with the Gestapo had been a lengthy one. Our eyes met for a moment but no sign of recognition crossed his face. I knew no information had been divulged by him. In that brief glance his eyes conveyed a message of strength and determination to me. With my heart full of anguish and pain, I helplessly watched the firing squad execute my friend. Hatred and desire for revenge surged through my veins, followed by a feeling of complete numbness. In the Office of Strategic Service we had been trained to think and act as machines. Death and brutality was a part of our schooling. I realized then that I was not fighting for myself as an individual, but for my comrades who had died for world democracy and freedom. I vowed that I would do my part.

My thoughts were interrupted by a soft pressure on my hand.



At the Ball Game

Looking up I saw the Belgian girl from the inn disappearing into the crowd. She looked back only once and raised her hand in the traditional "thumbs up" greeting. Into my hand she had slipped a small, white paper containing instructions. I read them carefully and then destroyed it. I left the village immediately, as I had only half an hour before the German supply trucks would be crossing the bridge outside the village. My instructions were to blow up the bridge when the trucks were on it. I found the place where my comrade had hidden the explosives. He had done well. I placed the explosives under the bridge and waited by the switch.

During those last few moments before the explosion that completely demolished the supply trucks, I felt, strangely, that there were two of us waiting for our moment. I pressed the switch, and after an eternity of time, a shattering explosion followed. I ran senselessly through the dark until I arrived at the field where a British plane was waiting for us. There was to have been two of us return to freedom. Physically he was dead, but as I climbed into the cockpit I heard, mixed with the whir of motors, my comrade's voice whisper, "Mission Completed!"

DOROTHY HENRY,
Form V.

MON PREMIER TRIMESTRE

At Branksome Hall

Dans une nouvelle school, sans a single amie,
La pauvre petite moi among cinq cent jeunes filles;
Je tourne et je twist, je vais je no sais où,
I bump and rencontre les écolières partout.
Souvenez-vous! you were new here une fois,
Et ne pleurez-vous pas pour la pauvre petite moi?

Maintenant je suis one of the Branksome Hall crowd,
Ma kilt est as grimy, mes cris assez loud.
J'ouvre doors pour la teacher, j'arrête le grand bruit,
Et dream, comme les autres, of Saturday nuit.
Et, while je n'écoute pas un mot qui est said,
Vast tides of learning pass over my head.

BARBARA WALES,
Form V.

Editor's Note—

"Hoigh, Ho, Bhranksome, bheir sinn buaidh!"*—or didn't you know? No Branksomite can deny it! Shouting our cheers in Gaelic is **such** fun—and will probably prove so distracting to an opposing team that we can be confident of winning the interschool basketball championship next fall!

"Such ignorance! Translation: "We're the girls of Branksome Hall!"

The Dinner

I still have no idea why I was there. It was ridiculous, considering the time and circumstances.

It was a stormy night, cold and wet. The thunder was deep and loud; the sky was full of lightning. I found a space and parked the car. Everything had gone well for me that day and I was feeling gay and spirited as I left the car. I entered the small, stuffy little restaurant at the end of the street. Through the veil of smoke I saw an empty table at the far end of the room and started towards it.

After a few moments several more people entered. A solitary man, looking for a table, came over to where I sat and asked if he might sit with me. Glad to have the company, of course I agreed. As he sat down, I tried to draw him into conversation.

"Foul weather, isn't it?" I remarked, for lack of anything better to say. There was really no need for me to worry about the originality of my remark, however, for the stranger muttered something under his breath which I could not even hear.

I watched the man, as he placed the wet, rolled-up coat he had been carrying beside him, and for the first time I got a good look at him. He was about forty—an old forty, and was tall, though heavily built. He seemed afraid of something. He avoided my glance and looked quickly at the door each time it opened.

Suddenly the radio on the counter, which had been playing loud music, was silent; then a deep resonant voice broke in.

"Attention! Your attention, please! You are being asked to co-operate with the Provincial Police in a search for a convict, who has escaped from prison just outside the Eastern city limits. This man is tall, weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, and is forty years old. He is dangerous and may be armed. Please report any information concerning this man to the station to which you are listening." The music resumed and the buzz of conversation was again heard.

The man across from me was white, and his manner more guarded than ever. I took hold of myself; this was probably happening to everyone else in the room—this suspense, this suspicion, each man of his neighbour.

Where was that waiter?

I tried to think of something to say—something that would not sound forced or suspicious.

"Sounds as if one of the boys hopped the fence", I said.

"Huh? Oh, yeah, yeah!" He looked up, startled, as he said it.

We were looking at each other now, as a cat watches a mouse. His nervous fingers wandered over his parcel, his nails scratching on

his coat. I know, now, that it was this sound which unnerved me. For the first time I felt fear. Who was this man? What was in the mysterious bundle he carried? But I knew nothing could happen in the crowded restaurant.

The voice of the radio pierced the haze of my thoughts,

" . . . still at large. Please watch for this man; he will stop at nothing!" Music again.

I could feel the man looking at me.

"Afraid?" he asked quietly.

"No," I answered. No, I tried to convince myself, I am not afraid; just uncertain, just uncertain . . .

"It said he was dangerous".

The man across from me was breathing audibly.

At last the waiter came. He handed me a menu and left. I



Riding Enthusiasts

stared at the cardboard, trying to concentrate. This was not normal. Nothing could happen, nothing. The print of the menu danced before my eyes.

The radio—someone was turning the dial—the deep voice was heard again. Only snatches of it came through to me.

"I repeat, the man is tall, dark . . . about forty . . . dangerous killer . . ." I glanced at the stranger. He was staring at me. I started to hand him the menu. I had to stop his staring . . . I had to! The voice of the announcer came back.

" . . . easily identified, having a large birthmark on the back of his right hand."

The man across from me was staring at my hand on the menu now—at the huge birthmark on the back of my right hand . . .

MARION WALLACE,
Form II.

Number Seventeen

"Number Seventeen; Seventeen next!"

As the voice rang through the crowded cabin of the lines, a slight, blond man stepped eagerly up to the official's desk. He was one of the many Norwegian refugees who were coming over to Canada to start life anew. They were given numbers to make it easier for the officials to check their papers. When he reached the desk the usual questions were asked:

"Name."

"Carl Norburg."

"Birth place."

"Bergen, Norway."

"Destination."

"Alberta, Canada."

"May I see your papers, please?"

While the official looked through his papers, Number Seventeen, alias Carl Norburg, turned and looked out a porthole. The ship had just docked at Quebec. He looked with interest upon the quays bustling with activity and at the old buildings which rose above them. He thought how different it looked from the streets of Bergen, many of which were made impassable by piles of rubble still to be cleared away. He thought of the pictures he had seen of the acres and acres of grain which grew so abundantly on the prairies. Then he pictured the fields surrounding Bergen, bare and desolate, dotted here and there with the rusty remains of war machines—machines which had been used in the war in which he had fought, the war in which he had lost everything that was dear to him, his family and his home.

The picture of that terrible day when the Germans came was still very clear in his mind. It had been a bright sunny day. Carl had gotten up as usual to do the chores around the farm. He had been pitching hay down to the cattle in the barn when suddenly his neighbour burst in.

"Carl, quickly! quickly! We must flee!" he cried. "The Germans are coming and taking all able-bodied men to work in their factories. Get your wife and son, and hurry! We are going to the mountains!"

Carl did not need a second warning. He ran into the house and told his wife, Nora, and son, Olaf, what had happened. In ten minutes they had made a bundle of essentials and the three started off quickly across the fields towards the mountains. They were soon joined by other people from the farms near-by.

About halfway up the mountain there was a collection of small caves in which it was decided to live until better shelter could be found. The men took turns in hunting for food. When Carl's turn came, he left early in the morning with two other men. When they returned at night, they were surprised to find no fire burning.. A feeling of dread filled Carl's heart as he ran towards the cave where Nora and Olaf lived. A soft cry escaped his lips as he gazed into the cave. By the light of the pale moon he could see Nora and Olaf lying on the ground, bullet-holes through their heads. One of the other men who had been with him came to him after inspecting the whole camp. There was not a living person left. The Germans had killed all the women and children and taken away the men.

The two surviving men and Carl joined a Guerilla band. Carl



Lunch Hour

stayed with the band for five long years; but as soon as the war was over, he returned to Bergen, and waited there until he could get a passage for Canada. . . .

The voice of the official cut in on his thoughts. Silently he received his passports, picked up the few bags he had and went out onto the deck. There before him was a free country, a country where a man could live his own life without an oppressor. Slowly Number Seventeen shouldered his bags and walked down the gang-plank towards his new home, a home where he could start a new life knowing that he would be among friends until death.

PAT MARRINER,
Form II.



GROPING

Lies far beyond our sluggish
minds,
Our efforts, our desires,
A land of love, of joy, of peace,
To which each soul aspires.

'Neath bold impulse of rashful
youth,
In lover's patient heart,
Secluded in the mother's breast,
The same swift longings dart.

All toiling men of low degree,
All men of art and fame,
All humans on the earth to-day
Are, underneath, the same.

For groping for a brighter world
Amid chaotic care,
All lift their eyes above the skies
To what lies hidden there.

JOYCE DIBBLEE,
Form II.

FRIENDSHIP

True friendship is a sacred thing
That's built up with the years,
That's dipped in many joys of life,
And bathed in many tears.

DIANE CROSS,
Form I.

The scoffers said that it couldn't
be done—
The odds were so great, who
wouldn't?
But I tackled the job that couldn't
be done,
And what do you know? It
couldn't!

DORIE BATES,
Form V.



THE MARTYR'S SHRINE

The River Wye goes slipping by,
Without a thought of war,
But martyrs blest were laid at rest
Upon its peaceful shore.

And now I stand upon the land
Where saintly feet have trod.
A wooden cross, o'er grown with
moss
Shows where saints worshipped
God.

Their tortured deaths, their dying
breaths,
The River saw and knew;
The River Wye goes slipping by,
With all its secrets, too.

JOAN HEISE,
Form V.

THE MAN WHA WHISTLES

When bonnie Kate yer wished-for
mate,
Flouts ye and a' yer braw epistles—
In patience wait, she'll come yer
gait;
She'll turn yet to the man wha
whistles.

Aye hesitate when thrawn folk
prate,
Though at their words yer temper
bristles;
Why should ye hate at sic a rate?
Gie me the canty man wha
whistles!

Some prize o' Fate maun, sune or
late,
Fa's to the man o' bane and gristle:
Dinna be blate, haud on and wait;
Be like the canty man, and whistle!

DORIE BATES,
Form V.

I'S HOPELESS

They say I make men miserable;
Internationally I'm hated
Because I'm hard to find, and it's
A protest not belated.

I try to help in every way;
I'm friend to dog and man;
I cleanse them from their sins of dirt
And do the best I can.

And yet the young boys hate me;
For me there is no hope.
I make men slide in bathtubs,
'Cuz I'm just a cake of soap.

PEGGY DEACHMAN,
Form IV.

Stardust

It was plain to see that Patty O'Flaherty was feeling very, very blue. Her two shiny brown pigtails sat primly on her two drooping shoulders. Her brown eyes looked sadly down at two shoes which scuffed disconsolately along the dusty road. Yes, Patty O'Flaherty was certainly very unhappy about something. It could not have been the weather, for the sun was as gold and bright as the yellow buttercups which nodded in the green grass by the road; the sky was as blue as the corn-flowers which peeked at Patty from the wayside. No, it was something more dreadful than Patty had ever heard before. Someone had told Patty O'Flaherty that there were no fairies! That was the reason why she was not skipping or singing as she usually did; she was thinking and wondering about fairies 'n' things.

When Patty arrived in the town, she went straight to Miss O'Neill's Candy Shop. Surely Miss O'Neill would tell her the truth about the fairies! The bell gave a merry tinkle as she opened the heavy door.

"Why if it isn't Patty O'Flaherty herself; and what can I be doing for you?"

Patty looked longingly at the coloured candies in the shiny jars on the shelf. Then she said, "Miss O'Neill, are there really and truly fairies?"

Miss O'Neill looked at Patty and smiled. "Patty", she said, "I have never seen a fairy or leprechaun, but I've heard it said that by the light of the moon, in the deep, deep woods, the wee folk dance a fairy ring."

Patty O'Flaherty's brown eyes popped open and her red mouth said, "Oh! Oh, thank you, thank you, Miss O'Neill!"



And before Miss O'Neill could say "Bless you!", Patty O'Flaherty's brown pigtails had disappeared out the door.

Patty skipped down the street, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks rosy and dimpled. She almost ran right into Mr. Murphy, who was polishing his store window.

"Hello there, Patty," he laughed, "and where are you skipping to?"

Patty could hardly keep her black buttoned shoes still as she said, "Mr. Murphy, would you believe it, but I, Patty O'Flaherty, am going to see the fairies dance a fairy ring in the deep, deep woods!"

Mr. Murphy smiled to himself. "I hope you find your fairies in the deep, deep woods, Patty."

The sun was painting long, dark patterns on the road as Patty skipped on her way home. The shop windows turned to gold and a cool breeze ruffled the evening papers by the post office. A cricket chirped at Patty from the edge of the woods and a little grey squirrel ran across her path, chattering noisily. Her mother was waiting for her as she opened the white gate in front of her house.

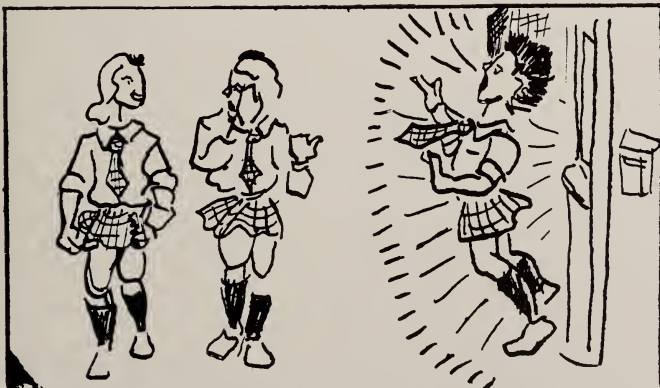
"Patty," her mother said sternly, "Where have you been skipping to all day?"

Patty looked breathlessly up at her mother, her brown eyes as shiny as the buttons on her shoes. "Mother, would you believe it, but I am going to see the fairies dance a fairy ring!"

Patty's mother gazed at her in a strange way.

"Patty," she said, "for goodness sake stop thinking about such silly things and get some supper!"

All that evening Patty O'Flaherty felt happy inside. She sang as



SOME POOR SOUL MUST HAVE SAID "CAN"
TO MISS M^cMICHAEL

she helped her mother with the dishes; she skipped when she brought her father's pipe and slippers to him. That night Patty did not object to going to bed; she lay under the cool sheets listening to the clickety-clack-of her mother's knitting kneedles, and the contented crackle of her father's paper. The moon lay a shimmering path of moonbeams across her coverlet, Patty fell asleep.

Patty did not know how it happened, but suddenly she was sitting up in bed; the moonlight made tiny patterns on the dark floor. Then she remembered the fairy ring! Up she jumped, throwing off the covers. Her toes wriggled around the floor until they found two fuzzy slippers. She threw a warm dressing gown over her little white nightie and then very slowly, quieter than a mouse, she slipped into the hall, past her parents' room, and down the stairs. The moon shone as bright as day outside, and the air was warm and pleasant.

Patty ran quickly across the road, ran into the coolness of the deep, deep woods, until the moon could hardly find its way through the ragged branches of the cedars. Still Patty did not see any fairies; on she went, the moss cool and damp under her feet. The air was filled with strange noises and cool smells. Soon she came out into a small clearing. The moon laid a silver carpet on the forest floor; Patty was so tired that she sat down on the ground; her head felt heavy, and she was oh, so, tired . . . Then it happened! Tiny voices were singing and there was music, strange and wonderful, like the tinkle of glass. Patty rubbed her eyes. Did she really see fairies? Yes, a tiny elf was sitting in front of a toadstool, looking up at her.

"Oh!" said Patty, "you really are a fairy, aren't you?"

The little fellow laughed, "Yes, Patty O'Flaherty, we are fairies."

The little elf looked at her a little sadly, "Patty", he said, "We have always been here; there have always been fairies, but the trouble is, too many people don't take time to believe in us. Fairies are thoughts, which live in every child's mind, and as long as children believe in fairies, and love them, we will be here."

So it happened that Patty saw the fairies. Whether it was a dream or not, Patty will never know. But next morning, when the sun poked his warm fingers across her room, Patty looked at her slippers, and there on the soles were tiny specks of silver. They could have come from the fairy ring in the deep, deep woods. What do you think?

CHARMIAN PHILLPOTT,
Form IV.

The Magic Circle

I love to lie back cosily in my arm chair and, with my unread newspaper blanketing my knees, listen to the voices of my wife and babies. Always they sit grouped around the fire and always I sit, a little farther back, a little withdrawn from them, in my easy chair. Once I tried to break the magic circle and join the happy group beside the fire. I tried to smile and play with them, as I had often seen her do before. I tried to laugh and feel that I, too, had a place within the ring. But never have I been able to deceive myself . . . even in childhood the dear game of "make-believe" was closed to me. Soon, therefore, I realized that my dark head was out of place among their many fair ones; my presence cast a shadow on their gaiety; my hoarse, forced laughter jarred the music of their merriment. Then my sweet wife smiled at me. It was a tender smile and sympathetic, such as she might give her tiniest baby if he hurt himself wilfully. I knew that she was thinking, "My poor darling, he is too old to understand our games." And, silently, regretfully I agreed with her. So, always I sit, as I am sitting now, and watch them from my corner. For the most part I am content that it should be so. Only sometimes, when I wonder why I cannot be a child again with my children, am I sad.

Often my little son will leave the children and, climbing up into his mother's lap, will cuddle next to her, begging for a story. Then, as she laughingly insists that she has told him all she knows, the other children leave their romping to nestle at her feet and add their pleas to his. Usually it is the story about Frances that they want—a story the children know as well as she herself. Sometimes when it is



"Up and On!"

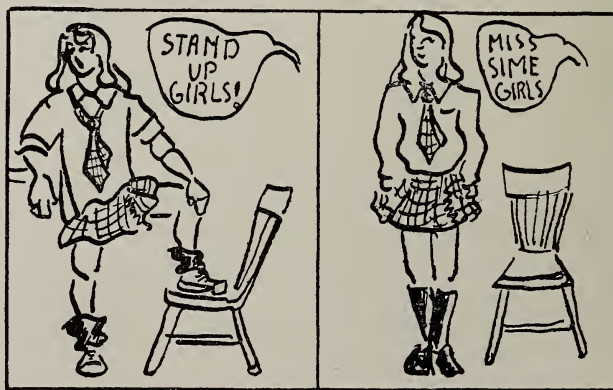
late, and their little flushed faces look sleepy, she forgets some of the details—but they always remember, and chidingly correct her. At last she agrees to tell them. So, in her soft, melodious voice, with one hand on each of the girls fair heads, and my little boy's cheek tucked under her chin, she softly begins. Listen, she is beginning now.

Frances was the little flower-haired girl, who lived in the big house on the hill. She was a strange and shy little girl, who would never take part in the games of the other children, either at recess or after school, preferring rather to lean against the school-house wall, absorbed in thought, or to run away to the woods alone. She had no friends and walked to and from school by herself. So, her class-mates with that uncompromising directness of childhood called her "queer". And Frances was "queer". (The children are indignant now and protest—but my wife only smiles as she continues). If you had asked Frances whether she liked her school and school-mates, she would have looked at you, wonderingly, and answered, "Of course." But then if you had demanded why she never played with the other children, nor made any friends, she would have said,

"They don't know how to play, these girls at school. I have my own game, and my own friends."

And you would have gone away puzzled by that reply, even more convinced that Frances was "queer," but Frances would have kept her secret.

For Frances had a secret life all to herself into which she awoke when she was about four years old. Her parents had been away travelling for several months, and Frances' sole companion was a rather uncompanionable and decidedly elderly "nanny". So, Frances used to play by herself in the garden. It was an enchanting garden, with long



rolling lawns and tiny shady nooks, tangled masses of flowers and luscious cool pools—and then, of course, “they” were there. Frances was never quite sure as to who “they” were. She had, naturally, been told of fairies, those delicate winged creatures, but she didn’t really think that “they” were fairies. No, “they” were real. Why, Frances could touch them as easily as she could feel the silkiness of a flower’s petal. She could talk to them more readily than she could speak to her “nanny”, without the slightest sense of awe or wonder. At first “they” were only in the garden. Frances could not stay there long enough. She would hurry, excitedly, through her nap and tea—even her beloved bath lost its charm, when compared to the glories of the garden. Later, however, she met “them” everywhere—in the classroom, the playground, the woods, even in bed she would play with them.

Thus, life was beautiful to Frances. She lived in her own inner world and saw the happenings of this world as though they were only a dream. She had only one wish ungranted, one desire unfulfilled to the attainment of absolute happiness. She wanted to go back with “them” to see “their” home. She thought it unfair, and Frances was always fair, that “they” should always come to play with her while she could never visit “them”. She tried to hide this desire, hating to appear discontented, but at last “they” found out. Then one sad, sad day her wish was granted.

It all happened in the most natural way possible. One evening, when “Nanny” had gone to bed with a headache, Frances slipped out, silently, just as the dew was falling. Trembling, she ran to the woods and darted from tree to tree. Then it took place, the wonderful thing that she had been dreaming about for years. She saw “their” home—“their” little gardens and cottages, “their” babies hanging in hammocks, “their” tiny cradles and baths. An ancient porter showed her around. A glow-worm lit the way. Then, as she was leaving, “they” came and gathered around her. Slowly “they” explained that this was to be the last time she could see “them”—this was their parting. Furiously, blindly, Frances denied it. She would always see them. “They” only shook their heads. Then one said, “Frances, you have been living in a dream, you must awaken to the world. Some day, perhaps, when you

Editor’s Note.—It is rather odd, isn’t it, that there is such a flood of melodrama in this issue? Over two-thirds of all the stories which were considered by the Slogan dealt with terror or death—or both! Is this morbid outlook the tendency of the modern mind, or has our writing public merely been reading too many “shockers”? Judging by what we have seen, the literates evidently expect us to find a corpse in every closet. Life may be grim, but we hope that it isn’t *that* down-at-the-mouth! Aw, come on. Laugh!

are old, or have had all you want out of life, you may return. But now you are young, life is before you, and the world is at your feet."

Again Frances cried out, "No, no." But even as she called they started to fade, and Frances was left weeping, alone, in the woods.

Here the story stops, and the children with tear-filled eyes, clamour to know the end. And my wife softly replies, "Slowly she learned to forget a little. Slowly she grew to love life. But she never forgot completely and still she hopes to return, someday. For the world is not very kind to dreamers."

I pick up the newspaper to hide the shadow which always crosses my face at this sad ending. Because, you see, this story is about my wife. I've known this ever since she first started to tell it, but since the children love it, I listen to it, night after night, right to its wistful end, so pathetic and so true. Coleridge, De Quincey, Collins—no, the world is not kind to its dreamers. Yet how could it do without them? And my poor wife, longing to escape even from the gentle hands of her children, to the gentler land of dreams, does not know I understand who Frances is. Dear child, she need not fear to show me her discontent, for I realize that no one can be completely happy here—some, like me, because they lack the imagination to enter the magic circle, others like her, because they have too dainty an imagination to exist contentedly outside of their dreams.

BARBARA WALES,

Form V.

DREAMS

Dreams console the grieving heart,
They fill all lonely minds;
For centuries they have played their part
In lives of many kinds.

They give sweet comfort to the poor;
They fly beyond the sordid town
Like pheasants frightened from the moor
To luring lands of great renown.

BETTY SOUTHGATE,

Form IV.

Prison Reform

I reached the car with my new acquaintance and searched in my pocket for the keys.

"Don't bother," said Jim White, "allow me." At this, he brought forth a little plastic gadget from his pocket and neatly opened my car door for me. When we reached my home, once more Jim took out the amazing instrument and unlocked the front door. I had known before that he was an ex-convict, but I began to feel rather uneasy as we walked into the hall, and looked nervously at the silverware.

One of "the boys" in my club had met Jim White a few years after he was released from the penitentiary and had, at our last meet-



Plunge Period

ing, proposed him as a member. In ten minutes the other members would be arriving for the meeting. After I had officially pledged Jim "in", the speeches would start—for the club had been formed to give its members practice in public speaking; each speech was openly criticized by the rest of us. As I looked at Jim's honest face, I realized how ridiculous it was of me to feel the way I did, and tried to put all these foolish thoughts out of my mind.

After the business part of the meeting was over, the speeches began. Usually the new members liked to hear a few speeches before they tried one, but Jim was eager to start right away.

"Well, fellows," he started, "I'm sure none of you have a prisoner's point of view about the jails of Canada, but having been there a couple of times myself," here a grin spread over his face, "I'm going to tell you how I think they can be improved."

"The most important point, I think, is to keep the young inexperienced boys in a separate part of the building from the 'old hands'. The importance of this is very clear to me because of my own experience."

"I remember, that my mother used to send me off to school with no lunch and told me to grab an apple on my way past the fruit store, but to be sure nobody saw me. I don't remember my father ever having a job, but often he came home with watches and jewellery that he had to take to the pawn shop. When I was sixteen, I left school and was trained to steal small amounts of money to help with the support of the family.

"This is the life!" I began to think, 'just loafing around and living from other men's savings.' Never having had enough money, I soon became money crazy. The sums I stole became larger and larger, until one day I was caught clearing out a cash register in a store when I was seventeen. Panic stricken, I dashed madly out into the street in no special direction; but before I knew it, I was hurrying along in a police car, in the direction of the nearest penitentiary.

"Later, when questioning was over, I was shoved in a cell with a very tough-looking old man, who was lying on a bed, and we were left alone. It wasn't till this point that I fully came to realize that I was a prisoner. I began to rattle the door furiously and then ran over to the window and looked out.

"This is the first time you've been locked up, kid?" I heard from behind me.

"Yeah," I said.

"That's what it looks like," said the old man. "Well, sit down. It's easier on you."

"I did not follow his advice, but kept staring out of the window

at a group of men moving around in a large circle. He broke the silence again.

"'What're you here for?' he asked. I told him. When I finished, he let forth a large guffaw.

"'I see that I have a really green one to deal with this time,' he said. 'but I'll soon take care of that. You know, kid, I remember when I was just your age and starting out into the world. I've learnt a lot since then and, since I won't be out of here till I'm dead anyway, I might as well pass on my secrets to you.'

"My stay at the jail was like going to a school of crime. I learned how to pickpocket; I was told where to have this little gadget made, with which I could pick locks." (He produced the instrument I had seen him use before.) "When I finally gained my freedom, I had learned all the 'tricks of the trade' from the old man.

"During the next few years I became exceedingly rich; also during the next few years I met a girl. Women often cause a turning point in men's lives, sometimes for the better, and sometimes for the worse. For me, luckily, it was for the better.

"'Please go straight, Jimmy!' she would beg, 'Money isn't everything!' I really began to consider it for Louise's sake and decided that after one last robbery, which was already planned, I would really 'go straight', and marry her. This last robbery, however, proved just one too many. My whole gang was caught and once more I was locked up in the 'pen,' this time in a desperate state of mind. Louise came to visit me as often as possible and assured me that she was willing to wait for me. Even though I told her that she was crazy, she insisted.

"While I was in jail this last time, the hours seemed to drag on and on. To make the time shorter, I acquired a pen and some paper, and wrote down some ways in which I thought that prisons could be reformed in Canada. One of the things I paid special attention to was a fact that I hadn't noticed on my previous stay in prison, that many of the men who should have been in mental hospitals were thrown into jail instead, because their mental quirks had led to crime. I noticed now more of an attitude of punishment around the jail, instead of an attempt to help the men. Even when they regained their freedom nothing was done to help these men to start over again.

"As I lived there day after day and year after year, I found life in prison extremely dull. On my list of improvements I added '**more exercise**' heavily underlined. If only the boys who had never had a chance to indulge in sports could be taught some . . . The only 'exercise' I ever remember getting there was walking around in a large circle around the yard in all kinds of weather.

"Another thing I'm sure all of us noticed was the lack of reading material. So many young boys wasted their lives in jail while they could have been learning. I'm sure it would help to turn the boys' minds against crime if they were educated and if they took an interest in some particular vocation. However, now most of them leave jail without even a decent suit of clothes to find a job in, not to mention the lack of education for the job."

Jim looked at his watch. "I seem to have taken too much time already," he apologized, "and I'm afraid most of my talk has been on my own life history. I'd better end in the usual way by telling you that I got out of jail, married Louise, and we lived happily ever after! I got a part time job, and completed my education. Louise had saved some money when I was in jail, and we started off well. I've been visiting different penitentiaries lately, and giving some of the officials my ideas on prison reform. If they will be used is beyond me, but I do hope so. I've been talking to some of the boys, too, trying to change their minds, and to help them on their way when they do get out of prison. Some of them are stubborn, but I have found that they will listen to a man who has been in jail himself better than to other men. Every time I think that I have helped a boy to 'go straight', I feel wonderfully satisfied! Thank you."

As Jim took his seat there was a burst of applause, and our feelings towards him, and to all other ex-convicts, immediately became different. He is now one of the most popular men in the club, and one of the most brilliant. When I think of my first fear of him, I am utterly ashamed.

BARBARA HEISE,
Form III.

Vth FORM's TALE ENDS

The Trig. class was floored the day that Miss Phillips said, "Stand aside now, Diana, so that I can see your figure!"

And has anyone not heard about Miss Claxton telling the Chemistry class to: "digest that experiment over night, and we'll bring it up tomorrow"?

Miss Read walked into VA one morning, and noticed the heaps of paper around the waste basket. "Do you throw paper at it from your seats?" she demanded, pointing at the littered basket. "If so, I think you're very bad shots!"

Then there are those dead silences—in French A., after Mrs. Perry's, "Résumez!" . . . in Latin, when Spence 'translates' . . . in Gym, as Heise runs in late . . . in History, as we wait for Kes to catch her breath . . .

The Sentry Box

Time had not erased it, nor the drenching tropical rain and merciless tropical sun. It remained there, a small, reddish-brown patch on the sandy coloured stone floor, for all to see and wonder at. It was blood.

No one knew how it came there, but tales were told that some, who were endowed with more than ordinary powers, saw, in the waning light of the moon, a figure, clad in a shining steel doublet and helmet and with the full, puffed pants and high leather boots of the 16th century soldier, marching up and down before the spot, his sword clashing by his side and his musket held cocked for instant use. He it was, they said, whose blood had been spilt on the sandy coloured floor of the stone sentry box, but only the superstitious folk believed it.

But the story became elaborated and distorted; it was not one figure they saw but two, both different, tramping up and down, strange ethereal phantoms from the other world.

The tale began back in the dashing, buccaneering days, when boys wanted to become pirates as their heroes were, so that gold and silver from the rich American colonies would be their prize. Perhaps they would rescue maidens in distress, or carry off exotic dark-skinned Indian girls from their tribes, and bring them back for their country men to exclaim and marvel at.

Such had been the dream of Jose Alvarez, a soldier in the army of His Majesty of Spain, serving in the colony of Puerto Rico. Fortune had prevented his becoming a pirate, but perhaps it was just as well, since his stomach had never been able to stand the roll and toss of the sea. He had acquired his share of the spoils of any conquest which he had been in (and he had been in many), and as for maidens—well, Mariana was a handsome wench though she thought too much of herself at times, remembering her life as princess in the Carib tribe before the white man came to spoil it all. She was a wildcat he mused, ruefully stroking a deep scratch on his left cheek. She had brandished a knife in his face more than once. He could not understand her attitude; he had certainly paid her enough attention once, but she was beginning to bore him and he liked the company of Rosalita better.

Jose could afford to be fickle; he was handsome and charming, and more than one woman had broken her heart over him. He was pleased by the attention they lavished on him. Mariana had been part of the conquests of war and, though at first reserved and haughty, she too

had succumbed to his spell, and had loved him passionately in her wild Indian way. Now that he had cast her off she was morose and sullen, given to fits of primitive rage when her dagger flashed too freely for his comfort, and then to sudden lapses into deep melancholy, her large, dark eyes brooding dangerously.

Jose smiled recalling this; yes, she did amuse him with her jealous fits, but Rosalita was more pleasant, and laughter came easily to her. And tomorrow he would be free to go to the tavern, where he could relax and be gay with his comrades, with Rosalita beside him. Suddenly he could not wait; he must go tonight! Sentry duty?—Oh, Pepe would not mind taking his place. After some free drinks and a small exchange of money, Pepe did not mind; in fact he would do anything for his friend, and Jose left for the tavern, whistling a rollicking army tune.

The next morning Pepe's body was found sprawled in front of his sentry box, a steel dagger buried to the hilt in his back. A quick and merciful death, but not an easy one to explain. The commandant was a bit hard with Jose, questioning him severely about Pepe's actions. Jose was bewildered and sad. Pepe had been his friend since their boyhood in Spain. True, he had often cast his eye on Rosalita, but that had been settled long ago, and they had remained good friends. Did the commandant think—surely not!

Jose paced angrily up and down the same route which Pepe had taken, and paused on the exact spot where Pepe had stood, his brain reeling with the impact of the commandant's words. He would be summoned again tomorrow for a brief questioning, but there was no proof as yet. Jose frowned and grew bitter, remembering. He did not notice a dark figure steal up behind him as he stood in the stone sentry box shielding himself, as Pepe had done, from the fierce wind; did not see the moonlight glint along the blade as it was raised, and then plunged deeply into his back.

There was more questioning the next day, and the commandant did not have time to investigate the finding of the body of an Indian girl on the rough shore near the fort. Another unfortunate drowning, no doubt; they **would** be so careless.

The blood stains are there today, a mystery in the mists of time. Only the sentry box could reveal its secret, but it is mute.

PRISCILLA HINCHCLIFFE,

Form IV.

"Scholarly Strivings"

The firelight flickered on the scant furniture of the little old parlor, giving it a cozy atmosphere in spite of its shabbiness. Meg was sitting in her old rocker by the fire, knitting. Walter was stretched out on the mat, studying by the none too bright firelight. She must not let him work late to-night, thought Meg, for did he not need his rest for the big day? Her heart skipped a beat when she thought of it, the stitches slipped by more slowly as she stared into the fire.

Tomorrow Walter wrote his examinations! Somehow it seemed almost impossible that tomorrow it was Walter's turn. Twenty-one years ago Tom, her Tom, had left her to try for the scholarship. It seemed so long ago. They had scrimped and saved for the day for fifteen long months. There had been no extra "tit-



CLASS PRESIDENTS

*Front Row: J. McColl, P. McClocklin, M. Ferguson, H. Scace, A. Budgeon.
Back Row: A. Zimmerman, N. A. Featherstone, J. Marriner, P. Bamford, A. White,
S. Dodds, M. Wilkinson, J. Vipond, N. Webber.*

bits" on the table; the old coat and trousers had been patched and repatched to last for still another winter. The iron bedstead with the brass knobs had been sold to help to pay for light and warmth for the winter. Each morning had seen Tom go to work at the fisheries, and every night return to study by the fire until the last embers had died. Thus they had saved and denied, worked, hoped, and feared for the day until it had arrived. Somehow it had seemed almost impossible that it might all have been for nothing: that Tom might not have won the scholarship.

The day had dawned with a dreamy fog hanging over the town. Meg had watched Tom leave the house almost with a light heart; true, he might not win the scholarship, but he had looked so strong that she had felt almost confident. He had gone to take the train for Edinburgh while she had stayed home to wait and pray.

The morning had dragged; but, at noon, she had taken little five-month-old Walter with her and had gone to the market to buy some carrots to put in a stew for Tom's homecoming. When they arrived there, Meg had noticed that there was a hushed air about the place and the women were gathered in little groups talking. She had almost sensed an air of tragedy about the place. She remembered the startled looks on their faces when they had seen her approaching. Unconsciously she had felt that, somehow, this must all concern Tom. She had rushed up to one group saying, "What's happened? What's the matter?" At first the women had only looked at her with pitying glances, each expecting the other to speak first. Then Myrtle Perkins, Josiah Perkins' wife, had told her.

There had been a train wreck. In the fog, the incoming Dalkieth train had not seen the danger signal and had collided with the Edinburgh train. It had been one of the worst wrecks in ten years; Tom had been listed among those killed. At first Meg had been too stunned to realize what had actually happened. Tom was gone. He had not even had a chance to try the exam; now there would be no other chances. It was all over. Walter had whimpered, and she had clutched him convulsively to her.

Hurriedly her mind passed over the agony of the next few weeks: the identifying of Tom's body, the arrangements for the simple funeral, then the gradual readjustment to the lonely life in which she had only her young son to cheer her. The years had slipped by without much change. A few of the treasured possessions had had to be sold to help pay the few expenses of the simple household. Meg had slaved with her needle through the long hours every night so that Walter, too, might have a chance to go to school. He had more than

justified all her hopes in him, then he too, had made the decision to enter the ministry. The relentless grind of study had begun.

Meg got up with a start. The fire had gone out and Walter had fallen asleep from utter exhaustion. Not wishing to awaken him, she made him as comfortable as possible, then made her way to her bed-chamber. Somehow she had no worry for the 'morrow; instead she had an inward peace, and the conviction that Walter would win through. The following day, Meg sent her son on his way with a glad kiss and a happy heart.

.

There was no one to meet Walter as he leaped off the train with a glad bound, for he had forbidden his mother to come as far as the station. He smiled when he thought of how happy she had been when he left, happier than he could ever remember having seen her. Now his heart sang for joy because he had won the scholarship and Meg would have security in some rural manse. Unable to restrain himself, Walter broke into a run, pushed open the front door, and leaped up the stairs two at a time calling, "Mother! Mother! I've won! I've won!" But there was no answer . . .

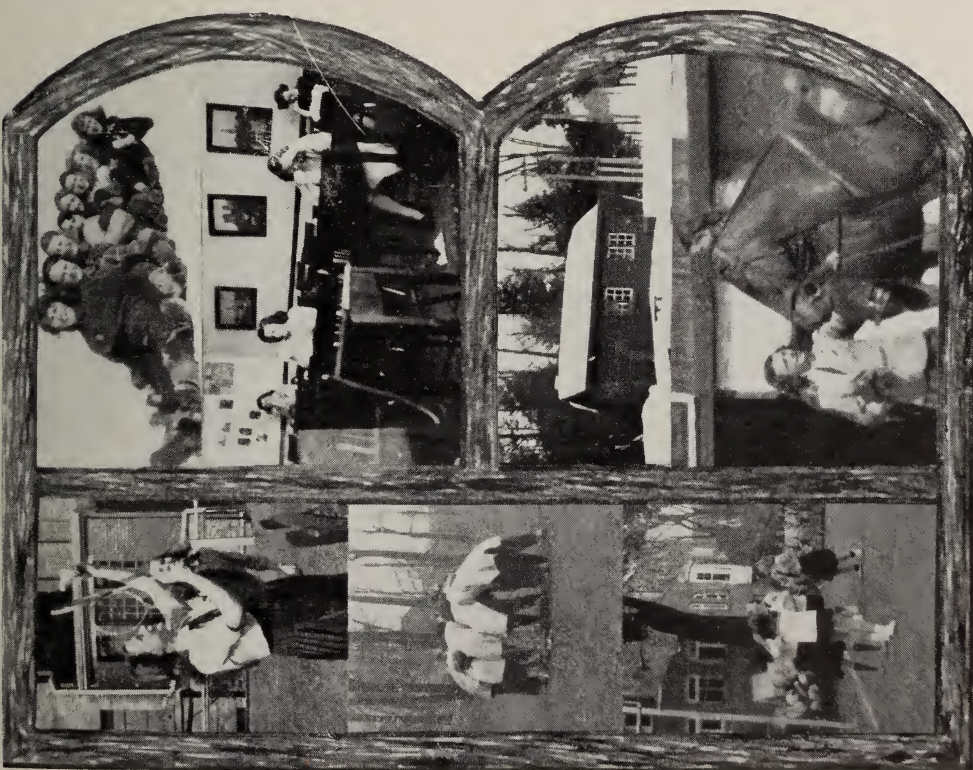
ESTHER TURNBULL,
Form II.

VOID

My pulse grows weak. The doctor
By my side proclaims me near my end.
How strange it seems, this death!
No more have I a prison;
But lightly float away from that still thing,
Dead body of my lost existence.
I float in space, a sphere of nothing—nothing now
But nothingness! Where will I end?
The earth is now far distant. I am not sorry,
Nor yet glad, but have a feeling
Of the utmost emptiness. How will I end? Perhaps
I will not; but will go on forever
In this, the universe of a million worlds unknown.

ANN ARMOUR,
Form IV.

ACTIVITIES!



This Wonderful Year

Once again we have hammered another year together, and after sand-papering out the rough spots, have applied a smooth finish. And once again, here we are looking back, wondering how **any** year could be more perfect! Forgotten are the returns, the prefect who couldn't understand why that kilt was unpleated, the exams, and the horror at the moment when we forgot how "être" is conjugated! Here we stand, in the shadow of the past nine months, and remember only the fun and good fellowship that worked beside us to build this, the best year yet!

Remember the form picnics at the farm way back in September? and the ski-Saturdays and week-ends there during the winter? Have you forgotten the Clan Games, the ice meets, the basketball and tennis, the form plays? What about the archery (bow-and-arrow, that is!), the game of bridge at lunch-time, and the afternoons spent bowling and playing badminton at St. Paul's? Dig back among all the other



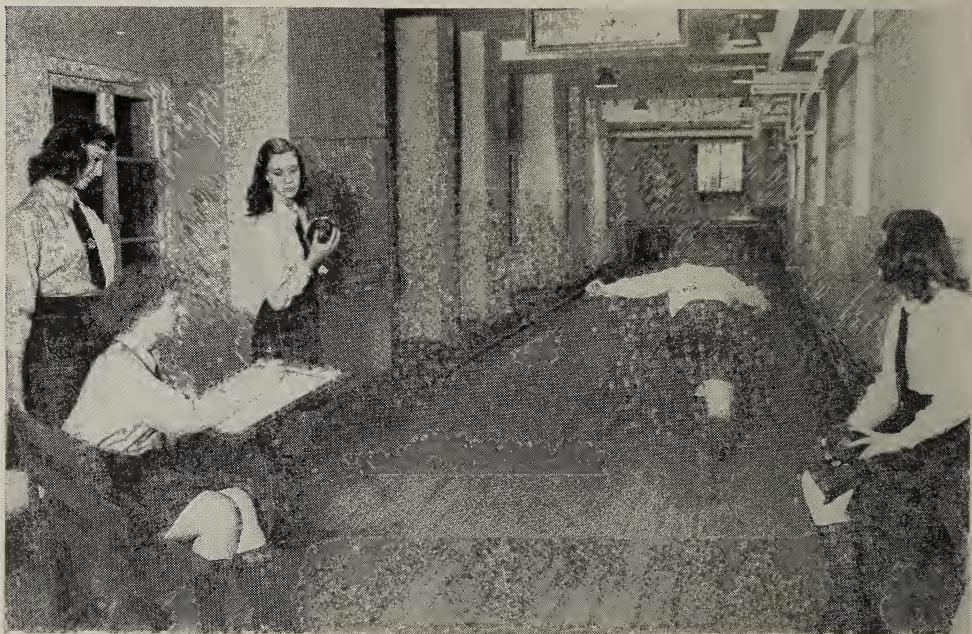
Our Marksmen

little items at school life that gave you a thrill and a world of fun. You haven't forgotten, have you?

This year the usual Masquerade became an old-time square dance, and instead of 18th century ladies and a pirate or so appearing, we all came gaily garbed as local yokels, and swung and stamped (and shrieked!) like the genuine articles. And if we missed a few of the calls, did it matter? No, we just twirled our partner with all the more gusto, and "grand-chained" home again!

The Carol Service in St. Andrew's Church lacked none of its customary beauty—it was lovelier than ever. Special thanks for this are due to Miss Shaw, who worked hard to banish flat notes from our carols! Little Virginia Gray of Grade II sang a solo in one at the Junior School selections; and Joan Candee took solo honours during the choral accompaniment of the breath-taking pageant. We left the church with the sound of the lovely old carols in our ears, the images of the angels in our minds, hand in hand with the Spirit of Christmas.

We don't have to take one of Dr. Gallup's polls to find the answer to "Did you have a wonderful time at the At Home?" The answer is, of course, 100% YES!!! Uh-huh! This year we're old-timers at managing full-skirted formals, and not *once* did we fall flat on our face!



BOWLING TEAM

Left to Right: D. Kinzie, J. Candee (Scorer), A. Hatch, J. Saylor, V. Brown.

And not only the dresses brightened the dance; you just **can't** be dull at a circus, and that's where we were! Top hats, elephants, a merry-go-round, clowns heads and circus wagons transformed the gym—not to speak of millions and millions and millions of balloons, hanging from the ceiling, on the walls, and in as many odd corners as you could find! And speaking of dances, we mustn't forget the Vth Form Christmas Dance, and the grand time we had there, too. The Beta Kappa have really done a marvellous job this year—don't you agree?

"Stand Up and Live", we were told—so we did! Posture and Courtesy Week (very well-organized and run by the IVth Form, I might add!) arrived one sunny Monday morning last term. Instead of working off our week-end in the usual slouchy, grouchy style, we stepped out down the halls, heads held high, and brushed up on our "courtesy-to-teachers" manners, which had been getting a little dusty! In addition to signs inquiring if we were knock-kneed or pigeon-toed, we were shown several skits, in which we learned, notably, the dif-



SWIMMING TEAM

Left to Right: D. Windeyer, C. McMullen, J. Ellis, S. Thomson, C. Stiles, A. Lowndes, W. Rogers, A. Zimmerman. (Absent—S. Spence, S. Chisholm.)

ference between the boarders new and polite table manners, and the old "two-way stretch". In the posture contest, Pasquale D'Angelo awarded the prize to Joan Langlois.

This year we looked forward to the Dramatic Society's presentation of "The Admirable Crichton," by Barrie. We went, and loved it! The cast, coached for many long weeks by Miss MacNeill and Miss Sime, were all topnotch. Sheila Craig as Crichton was our choice as the best actress of the year, though we did like Charlotte Keens, Elaine Hutson, and Peggy Deachman in their supporting roles!

And have you stopped laughing yet at the Krazy Kwiz which ended the Easter Term with a bang? We went home happily sucking lollipops, and chuckling over those ridiculous questions, and M. C. Craig's impersonations of well-known "teachers about school"!

Yes, through work and play, this year has been built in the best possible way, in the Branksome way! It stands behind us now, lacking only the Strawberry Festival, the Graduation Dance, and the Prize Givings to make it complete. Soon we can put our hammers aside, and stop building; but this year will always remain, unforgotten—this wonderful year, the best year yet!

THE EDITOR.

TENNIS

The tennis courts have been a scene of feverish activity in this third term. Seniors and Juniors have been placed in classified groups for instruction; the school tournaments are scheduled for May—also the inter-school meet. We are hoping for a great deal of keen competition among the contestants.

Last year, owing to bad weather, final exams and other unfavourable matters, there was no inter-school meet. However, Branksome players were busy enough vying for the school cups. Joan Ross easily won the singles championship, while Gerda Murray and Joy Clegg captured the doubles. There

will be many an exciting game this year before the winners claim their awards.

SWIMMING

During the first and third terms, swimming is a favourite sport of all Branksomites. This year we have had an excellent turn out with helpful instruction from Miss Shirton.

There have been classes of instruction in diving and style swimming. In addition, there were many enthusiasts taking part in Bronze and Silver Life Saving classes.

On October 17th a clan swimming meet was held. With loud

splashing and shouting the Scotts led the way to victory. The Douglas were second, and MacGregors third.

The annual inter-school meet was held at Bishop Strachan on January twenty-fourth, with Branksome taking third place.

BADMINTON AND BOWLING

This year the inter-clan badminton and bowling tournaments have been entered with great spirit by the girls. Their success was due

both to the sportsmanship of the participants and to the enthusiasm of the spectators. The clan bowling series was won by the MacGregor Clan.

Once again Branksome played hostess to Havergal, Bishop Strachan, and St. Clements at an inter-school badminton and bowling tournament. Branksome took the laurels in bowling, with Bishop Strachan placing second. In the badminton Havergal came first, Bishop Strachan second, and Branksome third.



BADMINTON TEAM

Back Row: J. Williams, A. White, J. McCoil.

Front Row: J. Hamilton, A. Hatch, D. Windeyer.

School Badminton Team

J. Williams,
A. Hatch,
D. Windeyer,
Jane Hamilton,
Ann Whyte,
Jan McColl.

School Bowling Team

D. Kinzie,
J. Saylor,
V. Brown,
A. Hatch,
J. Garrow.

BASKETBALL

This year basketball was once again an all-favourite sport. Many enthusiasts, both old girls and new, spent long hours on all available courts during the first term. Those who were successful in making a school team became hardened players under the able coaching of Miss McNiece. Games between St. Clements, B.S.S., Moulton, and Havergal were all closely contested and, despite a few fractured limbs of several star team-mates, Brank-

**FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM**

*Back Row: D. Windeyer, M. Craig, N. Inglis, A. Hatch.
Front Row: A. James, A. Hargraft, S. Spence.*

some was able to march off with an equal share of the victories. One of the most interesting (and wild) games of the season was between the Old Girls and First Team. Only a few baskets during overtime play gave the school a slight edge. In November O.L.C. sent up a fine squad and B.H.S. went down to their college in full force early in March. It is hoped that these games will become an annual event on our sports calendar. Form basketball was again a major pastime, and IV A managed to win the coveted championship. During the second term the clans battled it out and, despite strong opposition, the MacGregors claimed the cup. Mention also should be made of the scorers and timers on school, clan, or form teams, and, of course, Sheila Craig and Judy Godfrey, our inspiring cheerleaders.

First Team

Guards—

S. Spence, (captain),
S. Dalton,
N. Inglis.

Forwards—

M. Craig,
A. Hargraft,
A. Hatch,
A. James,
D. Windeyer.

Second Team

Guards—

E. Howden, (captain),
J. Langlois,
P. Marlowe,
S. McConnell,
H. Stronach.

Forwards—

J. Keslick,
D. Kinzie,
N. L. Webster.

Third Team

Guards—

J. Marriner, (captain),
W. Birks,
V. Leishman,
H. Scace.

Forwards—

C. Cherry,
P. MacKenzie,
J. McColl,
A. Zimmerman.

Fourth Team

Guards—

M. Binnie,
M. Ferguson,
P. Marriner,
N. Webber.

Forwards—

N. de Langley, (captain),
H. Macpherson,
F. Snetsinger,
P. Strand.

SKIING

Snow! Snow! Snow! We had plenty of it this winter, and for many this meant days and days of skiing. The school farm was invaded every Saturday by an eager army, who braved the dips and dives of the many trails. In addition to these weekly visits, Miss Graham organized the more serious enthusiasts for some coaching from Barbara Wales. These les-



sons took place every Wednesday at Rosedale or High Park. Next year Branksome should flourish forth with some top-notch skiers!

SKATING

Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon throughout the winter the school has had the opportunity of skating at Varsity Arena. On January 21st the clans held an ice meet. The placing was very

close with the McLeod and Douglas clans tying for first place.

Another highlight of the season was the solo skating by three of our own girls: Vivi Smith, Maureen Senior, and Frances Dafce.

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball became a major event this year in the second term. Girls from all forms were given instructions and rules, and then the clan games got under way. Many exciting afternoons resulted. After a hard struggle the Campbells came out on top, with the MacGregors tagging close behind. Beginners were taught the finer points of the game and top players have learned the art of making a more decisive spike and a swifter serve.

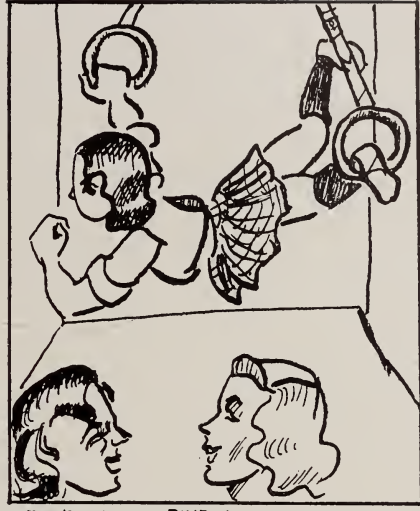
THE STAFF vs. HOUSE GIRLS BASEBALL

On Friday, the 25th of April, one of the greatest annual events on the Branksome sports curriculum took place—the Staff vs. House Girls baseball game. The momentous day dawned wet and windy, but despite the weather the staff turned up in full force. Precisely at three o'clock they rounded the fatal bend, in full uniform, and waving their banners on high—Miss Graham ahead, showing the others the way. The rival team

was already on the field, practising up—although their real coaching had taken place the evening before in Sally's bedroom, where a miniature game was staged. After the staff had downed their "bottled energy", the game got under way. The staff started off bravely; the first inning left them well out in front with a score of 5 to 4. Not, however, accustomed to such easy triumphs (or such rowdy games), they soon tired, and by the middle of the fifth inning were badly beaten. Their ungallant foes, however, insisted upon finishing the inning, which raised their score into the twenties. The staff's—well, we'll discreetly conceal that.

ARCHERY

Sherborne lawn was invaded daily with would be Robin Hoods, eager to improve their style and score in that fast-becoming-popular sport, archery! Those archers who were more skilled competed against a team from St. Clements. After a close contest B.H.S. managed to



THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN A
BRANKSOME AN ANGEL, FLYING OR OTHERWISE!

pile up a greater number of "golds." There was also a clan tournament in which the Campbells proved to have the better marksmen.

SPORTS DAY

Sports Day is always a red letter day in the third term. The jumping pits and racing grounds are busy scenes for many weeks ahead in 1946. There was keen competition throughout the school before Joan Ferrabee was announced as senior champion. The Intermediate Championship was won by Alma Hatch. By the looks of things there are plenty of enthusiastic contestants striving for some well-deserved recognition on Sports Day, 1947, and there should be a very exciting afternoon before the big winners are finally decided.



BETA KAPPA

The Beta Kappa started off with a bang in October, with something entirely new and different—a barn dance, at which all were reported to have had an exhausting yet wonderful time.

Christmas streamers and holly wreaths were next seen decorating the senior residence, Sherborne House, on the occasion of the Fourth and Fifth Form dance, held in December.

Then, followed the Branksome At Home, given by Miss Read. Again something new was introduced—a circus setting, complete with clowns' heads, merry-go-rounds, and balloons! This also was a great success, as will be, we hope, our two following dances—the Strawberry Festival and the Graduation Dance, both to be held in June.

DIANA WINDEYER.

THE FELLOWSHIP

Do you know what I.S.C.F. means? The Inter School Christian Fellowship is an organization of youth groups throughout Canada which have as their motto, "I Serve Christ First."

Our branch holds a meeting at No. 16 Elm once a week with an average attendance of twenty-three. Under the very capable sponsorship of Miss Fish we have had many successful meetings. Among our interesting speakers were: Miss E. M. Read, who opened our first meeting; Gerda Murray, who was our president last year; Mr. Christy Wilson (Persia); Mr. Charles Tipp (University of Toronto); Mary Anne Klein (Chicago); Misses Mary and Cathie Nicoll; Mr. Charlie Hay; Miss A. Doherty; Mr. Vincent Craven (Australia); and Mrs. Harris (China).

Due to sudden illness our former president, Jean Northcott, was unable to return after Christmas. Her leadership during the previous term was appreciated by the group.

A Christmas party was enjoyed by the members and their friends at which Mrs. Stacey Woods was the guest speaker. The year was closed with a delightful Spring picnic.

We are looking forward to a wider and deeper fellowship with other Branksomites.

JEAN REID,
President

O P H E L E O

Treasurer's Report:**Cash Received:**

Ramabai Week	\$ 325.00	
Carol Service	150.00	
Lenten Collections	226.00	
	<hr/>	\$ 701.00

Cash Paid Out:

To: Ramabai Mission	\$ 200.00	
Shalini, Indian orphan.....	50.00	
Clarabi, Indian teacher.....	50.00	
Belgian Congo	25.00	
	<hr/>	\$ 325.00

To: University Settlement, The Salvation Army, Shantymen's Assoc., Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Assoc. Individual Gifts	\$ 150.00	
	<hr/>	\$ 150.00

To: Ludhiana Hospital	\$ 50.00	
Europe	75.00	
Asia	25.00	
Africa	25.00	
South America	25.00	
Social Work	26.00	
	<hr/>	\$ 226.00

\$ 701.00

\$ 701.00

We expect to collect as usual \$100.00 for
underprivileged children.

JOSEPHINE WILLIAMS,
Treasurer.

THE OPHELEO

On behalf of the members of the Opheleo, I should like to thank the staff and all the girls for their wonderful co-operation throughout the year. I should also like to express our appreciation for the donations made by friends of the school, and for their interest regarding the various activities of the Committee.

As well as our annual donations to India, we have sent money to missions in Africa, Asia, Europe, and South America. We have also made contributions to The University Settlement, The Salvation Army, The Shantymen, and other associations here in Canada.

We of Branksome consider these collections to help those less fortunate than ourselves a great privilege, and because of this it is certain that the work of the Opheleo will meet with continued success in years to come.

CATHERINE SHIELDS,
Secretary.

Calling all McLeods! Calling all McLeods! The next clan gathering will be held (no, not in the VA class room), but at Ste. Anne's, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, on July the thirtieth and thirty-first. There you can meet your fellow clansmen from all over Canada. The highlight of the meeting will be the presence of Chief Flora, Mrs. McLeod of McLeod, who hails from Dunvegan Castle, Isle of Skye, and is flying to Canada especially for the occasion. Branksome's illustrious representatives to the gala affair will be none other than Miss Read, and Mrs. J. L. McLeod, whose husband was for many years a director of the School.

GLORIA LYONS.

No person that I know of
Can be more forlorn
Than one who stands waiting
For hours on a corner.
Unless it's the one who,
Supposed to be met there,
Is caught in the traffic
While trying to get there!

DORIE BATES,
Form V.

!!!

Miss McMichael—(9.15 a.m.)
Why are you late?

Erring Pupil—Because I didn't
get here on time.



FOURTH FORM GRADUATING CLASSES

Front Row: B. Tobiss, F. Dafce, N. Blundell, V. Hearst, J. Weir, H. DeNike, M. Flavelle, K. Haas, E. Howden, P. Deachman, P. Hinchcliffe, J. Catto, J. Shoebottom.
 Second Row: M. Harris, G. Seaman, P. Currie, J. Mariner, J. Doty, C. Seacord, S. James, G. Cochran, M. Rycroft, L. Piercey, E. Grant, D. Burnham.
 Third Row: N. Fair, J. Lindsay, C. Benson, P. Bamford, P. Currie, J. Wright, D. Badgley, V. Burruss, J. Ellis, A. Hatch, K. Keene, M. J. Stewart, A. Armour.
 Fourth Row: S. Thomson, B. Galbraith, S. Beckett, N. Beattie, P. Hand, H. Costerus, E. Merton, L. Donald, M. K. Campbell, J. Spackman, M. Fletcher.
 Fifth Row: B. Keeler, S. Flemming, M. A. Robertson, J. Thomson, P. Phair, W. Birks, M. Winans, B. Southgate, J. Langlois, A. Gdsall, C. Philpott.
 Back Row: J. Lowden, A. Whyte, M. Crouch, J. Roscoe, J. Gillanders, R. Hutcheson, S. McConnell, B. Fleming, L. Walwyn, N. Inglis, S. Dalton, N. Foulds.

Autobiography of a Great River

First, I must tell you that I was named the Fraser River after my first master, Simon Fraser, who explored me. I must also tell you that Alexander MacKenzie discovered me in 1793. So, as you can see, I have led a very long life.

My first home was a spring, and from it I travelled down steep, rocky mountain passes through gorges, and across flat plains. All through this time I was growing into a mighty river.

I have had many experiences, but there is one, especially, that I want to tell you. Now that I am in my new home, I have begun to see things I have never seen before. I really think that I am becoming very lazy, for I flow freely and hear the birds singing all day long. All the animals come to drink on my shore, and they seem to be getting to know me quite well. I sit and talk with them, and enjoy the scenery, for what seems like hours. There are strange, moving creatures in my water, which I have found to be called 'fish'. They are very friendly creatures. The Sockeye Salmon is one of my best friends. I mentioned the scenery once before, but really the beauty is unbelievable. It takes your breath away, for the colours of the forest and flowers are magnificent.

For many years I flowed freely, until one day, about 1793, an extremely strange animal came, and put a burden on my back, and started to navigate my waters. I did not care for him, and gave him a very rough ride. While MacKenzie (for that was his name) was navigating my waters, I heard him say that he was trying to reach another water called the Pacific Ocean, which he judged to be about one hundred miles away. I did not understand what he meant by one hundred miles, but I found out that it was quite a long way to go. All through that time, he was to be my master, and was to make me do what he ordered. I also overheard him say that he thought me a bad river; because of this, he decided to call me the "Bad River."

Thirteen years later, in 1806, another strange animal came to put another burden upon me and be my master. He thought me the Columbia River, a great river which is south of me. My master was very disappointed to find out that I wasn't the Columbia River, but he called me after himself, the Fraser River. These strange creatures were a burden to me for almost forty days, before they came to my neighbour, the Sea.

In the many years since then, I have had many masters, some who treated me kindly, others who did not care about me. In 1858, I kept hearing the word "gold". Gold brought great riches to these animals, and I carried a great deal of it, as did my cousin, the Thompson River.

Juniors



My cousin and I had sandy banks which seemed to be the goals of the miners. Almost thirty thousand reached my waters. Some tried to use me very recklessly, and I acted like a giant swallowing many. On my sandy banks, they used an odd instrument with which to collect the gold, called a "rocker", and shaped like a cradle. Often on my shores I would see men fighting over the bright-coloured rocks. In all, it is said that they discovered over half a million dollars in gold.

There have been many changes in my life after the gold rush. Many obstacles have been built on my banks. It is evident that nobody can navigate me, but I am quite content, and have a great deal of happy and sad experiences. As the years go by, the truth stands out that "men may come and men may go, but I go on forever."

TONI STEWART,
Grade VII.

Future Transportation in Toronto

Child-hood fancies linger in our minds long after their delightfulness has passed from us. A fancy still lingering in the minds of father and mother is that of the horse and buggy. Things have changed. No longer are the horse and buggy taking a prominent place in our lives. Automobiles are now our chief mode of transportation. A crisis is nearing us in this city. Drivers of all vehicles are worrying about the crowded streets of Toronto. To avoid this crisis, the Toronto Transportation Commission has taken over, and is developing a plan, in which the citizens of Toronto may travel with ease.

The Toronto Transportation Commission has laid out a plan which will succeed Toronto's present system in the near future. On the main trunk lines—that is to say, on lines where large numbers of people have to be moved—a hundred new and modern streetcars will replace the present ones. On streets where large numbers of people are moved only in rush hours, buses will be the order of the day. On streets where traffic is not heavy enough for street cars running on tracks, and too heavy for buses, the Toronto Transportation Commission is going to install "trackless trolleys." These cars are operated by electricity, but run on tires. The wire on which it runs is flexible, which means that the trolley will be able to pick up people at the curb.

The Rapid Transit System will run from the foot of Yonge Street to Eglinton Avenue and Yonge Street. Preliminary work only is being done on this plan, and the subways have not been started. Some

motorists have the idea that in the future they will drive their car through the subway and home; but the subway will be the Toronto Transportation Commission's own system and only their vehicles will travel in it; it is to be a public convenience. Restrooms and snack-bars are to be put in at the terminal.

This will take place in the immediate future. In 2047 what mode of transportation will humans be using? It is most probable that mother, wishing to visit Jupiter, will climb into her rocket ship at nine o'clock and reach her destination three minutes later. Father, meanwhile, will prepare for his day at the office in Switzerland by



JUNIOR CHIEFTAINS AND SUB-CHIEFTAINS

Back Row: C. Stiles, B. Smyth, T. Stewart.

Front Row: J. Jones, W. Meridith, S. Mair.

putting on his fleet-wings. Junior will get our his atomic kiddy-car, and have an exciting time on the street. Typical Teenager Sue will ride in her helicopter to school.

This will be the way to travel in the far-off future. We have seen one extreme, and then the other. Which do we like best? One is by far the faster, but some people like to see where they are going. Maybe we should leave the grave decision to be decided by a future generation.

SHIRLEY MAIR,
Grade VIII.

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

Throughout the year the Junior School has participated in an extensive programme of sports including basketball, skating, skiing, swimming, tennis and croquet. The senior proctors coached us thoroughly in all the rules of the games and competition was keen.

The clans continue to play an important part in the life of the school. The clan competitions have been keenly contested and enjoyed by all.



BASKETBALL

JUNIOR OPERETTA

On April 2nd the Junior School delighted parents and pupils by an excellent production of "Punch and Judy", an operetta. It gave opportunity to the theatrical abilities of Joan Cosgrave, Charmian Mac-Roberts, Beverley Balmer, Patsy Fulford and many others. The choruses sang well and the Rhythm Band played during the intermission.

The spot light in the fall was on basketball. Inter-School competition was high. Due to the grand coaching of Alma Hatch and Helen de Nike our team was brought to victory on several occasions. The players were Karol Fraser, cur captain, with Joan Archer, Constance Stiles and Madeline Thompson as fellow guards. The forward lines were Jane Bradshaw, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Mair, Kay Sinclair, Toni Stewart and Mary Barnett.



WATCHING A STORM

I love to lie upon my bed,
And watch the lightning overhead,
To hear the rumble of the sky
As storm gods ride their steeds on
high.

The patter patter of the rain,
That beats upon my window pane,
The whistling wind that whips the
trees—

All this can never fail to please.

OLIVE CROMBIE,
Grade VIII.

Miss Christie — What does
mature mean?

Grade V Pupil—It is a kind of
fertilizer.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editor wishes to thank Miss Nicoll and V Commercial for their aid in typing a great part of our rough material; Mr. Rickard, who took many of the photographs; Mr. Beck, who was in charge of the printing; and Miss Mackenzie, our Slogan Staff Advisor, without whose assistance we could never have been able to compile this magazine.

THE SOLITARY WEEPER

(with apologies to Wm. Wordsworth).

Behold her, single in the class,
Yon solitary grade eight lass!
Weeping and wailing by herself,
This girl will never pass!
Alone she sits and racks her brain,
Vainly attempting some knowledge
to gain;
Oh listen! for her sayings wise
Are really history in disguise.

O'er many books the maiden wept,
As if her work could have no end-
ing;

I saw her weeping o'er her texts,
And o'er her notebooks bending.

I listened to her voice so small,
And as I hurried through the hall
Her words I carried in my heart:
This girl has failed before the
start!

MARY BARNETT,
Grade VIII.



ALUMNAE

The regular sewing meetings of the Alumnae have been held throughout the year. While the attendance has not been as large as other years, a considerable amount of work has been accomplished, mostly in quilts which have been sent to England. Four executive meetings were held and one meeting of the representatives and executives. On the evening of March 20th, the Alumnae "At Home" took place at the school. A movie, "Cheers for Miss Bishop", was shown in the gymnasium, but unfortunately owing to circumstances beyond our control, the sound track refused to work which was a great disappointment to all. However a delightful supper was served in the Common Room under the convenorship of Gypsy Martin Calvert.

On the evening of April 18th, the Alumnae Association gave a party for the girls of the school. They were taken to the Art Gallery to view the famous paintings of Hogarth, Constable and Turner, loaned by the British Government. Refreshments were served to them in the Print Room. All Alumnae were invited to attend.

A short meeting followed Miss Read's dinner, May 3rd, at which reports of the year's activities were given by the President, Grace Morris Craig; the Secretary, Delphine Burr Keens; the Treasurer, Gladys Simpson Brown, and the Sewing Convenor, Marjorie Evans Britt. Election of officers did not take place as it had been decided to do this at a meeting to be held in September.

DELPHINE BURR KEENS,

Secretary.

Personals

The School suffered a great loss in the death of a member of the staff, Mrs. Helen Clark Jones, who passed away suddenly April 18th, 1947.

Mrs Jones came to us in September, 1941, but she so efficiently fitted into the life of the Schood and made such a fine contribution to it, that it seemed as though she had been at Branksome a much longer time.

Her sympathetic nature, her fine Christian witness, and her sunny smile endeared her to all, and she will be greatly missed.

Miss Read's Dinner, May 3rd, 1947, was a particularly delightful affair. After the repast a number of girls were asked to speak for the various years, and many "confessions" resulted! Tributes, too, were paid to Miss Read and to the school, and the speeches were all most interesting, especially to the Graduating Class, who heard what amounted to a history of the school as the girls spoke of the days on Bloor Street, Sherbourne Street, and Elm Avenue.

The President of the Alumnae, Grace Morris Craig, Stella Fleming Mackenzie, Gretchen Spohn and Agnes Campbell Heslip, who came from Prescott especially for the event, were the first speakers, then came Molly Ponton Armitage, Lesley Sykes Webster, Erie Sheppard Catto, Kathleen Cowan Jackson, Janet Gibson Van Every, Helen Spence, Margaret Aitken, Christine Auld West, Margaret Withers, Donald Macleod, Irla Mueller, Gwynneth Sinclair Powell, Helen Rooke, Philippa Chapman, Betty Williamson, Nancy Stirrett Renison, Barbara Parker, who came from Ottawa for the day; Joan Mitchell Flintoft, Winnifred Clarke, Joan Peat, and this year's Head Girl, Anne James. Wires and letters were received, and read, from Phyllis Anderson Duncan, Mary McLean Stewart, Bernice Dennis Stevens, Jean Jarvis Rechnitzer, Patricia Stockton, Helen Richardson Stearns, Margery Watson Tow and Helen Coatsworth. Angela Riddell, who is in Canada on a two months' visit from Great Britain, was present, and said a few words on behalf of the English girls who were with us during the war.

Between certain groups of speeches, songs were sung, the music being under the direction of Lillie Shannon Plant. The evening ended with the Present Girls giving the school cheers in Gaelic.

At the short business meeting which preceeded the speeches Delphine Burr Keens was presented with a gift in recognition of her splendid service as secretary.

Last year, but too late to be acknowledged in the 1946 "Slogan", the Alumnae received a most beautiful present, a lovely silver teapot inscribed

Branksome Hall Alumnae

In grateful appreciation
from

Sherborne Old Girls Union

1940 - 1944.

It is difficult to put in words our appreciation of this handsome gift and particularly the thought which prompted it. Kathleen Deacon, who represented Branksome on the Canadian Youth Group of the Canadian Overseas League which went to Great Britain last May, spent a few days at Sherborne School and had a delightful time. We gather that her sojourn at Sherborne, meeting new girls and seeing those who had also been at Branksome, was a high light in her trip.

Our first exchange pupil from Sherborne came to us this year. She is Ann Merriman, whose home is in Winchester.

Maria de Kresz, who has obtained her doctor's degree, is lecturing at the University of Buda Pesth. Marion Henderson has been appointed Director of Physical Education for Women at the University of British Columbia, with the rank of Associate Professor.

Kathleen Hinch won the John Fraser Gray Scholarship in History, June, 1946, in her third year, University of Toronto. This was the first time this scholarship was awarded, and is in memory of an undergraduate who died while serving with the R.C.A.F. Patricia Stewart and Mary Alice Burton headed their respective classes at Varsity last June. The former won the Essa Van Dusen Dafore Scholarship in French, and the latter the Glen Mawr Old Girls' Association and the Wintercorbyn prize in English language and literature, also a Rueben Wells Scholarship. Nancy Rendell obtained the Canadian Physiotherapy Association prize for highest standing, and Orde Skeeles won a Margaret Eaton Scholarship in her second year, Physical Education.

Among others at the University of Toronto are Audrey Lyons, who is studying for her M.A. degree, and Bruce McFarren and Nancy Tyrrell who graduate this year. Thelma Kerr is a graduate for the degree of Bachelor of Law.

Completing their first year are Joan Aitken, Gina Baker, Mary Bastow, Sally Broughall, Catherine Catto, Joy Clegg, Margaret Kyle, Anne McCart, Joan Neilson, June Pemberton, Joan Wardell, Barbara Chisholm, Jean Winston, Ruth Mitchell, and Mary Joyce Phelan. Shirley Baker is first year pre-med, and Ruth Atkinson is in the Education Course.

Mary Watson and Ann Spence are registered in first year, School of Physical Education, Toronto University, from which course Helen de Jardine is graduating this year. Helen has made quite a name for herself in swimming. To quote from "Varsity" of December third:—"Varsity's Helen de Jardine was individual point champion of the Swimming Meet. In the ornamental swimming Helen's well controlled and interestingly composed manoeuvres gave her the victory." Another interested in natation is Helen German, who is at Western University, she is a member of their swimming team and was in New York in March helping her team win some events over New York University.

Sally Brown obtained one of the four bursaries offered by the Ontario Red Cross and is at the School of Nursing. Diana Hawkins is at McGill, Pat MacGregor at Mount Allison, and Cherry MacGregor at Dalhousie. Kay Stambaugh and Frances McFaul have been taking a business course at the Canada Business College, Hamilton.

Eleanor Wilson is at college in Minneapolis, Minn., and Gretchen Gaebelein at Bryn Mawr. Rosamund and June Miller are attending the University of California.

Carol Chelew is studying vocal, and Doreen Miller, piano, at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Helen Ingersoll has been taking lessons in flying, and has her pilot's license.

Betty Faulkner is night supervisor at the Wellesley, in which hospital Margaret Smythe and Joan Hutchison are in training. Joan Rumley entered Guelph General Hospital, to train, in September, and Frances Colter is learning to be a nurse at Victoria Hospital, London, Ont. Elaine Read is at the Red Cross Outpost, Kakabeka Falls, while Marion Lewis has a position with the Department of Public Health, Kingston, Ont. June Hamilton is an occupational therapist at Sunnybrook. Mary Shenstone is training at the Middlesex Hospital, London,

England. Elizabeth Coulthard is a dietitian at the Toronto General Hospital, and Mary Nelson is in training in this same institution. Ruth Stockdale is in charge of the diet kitchen, Mothercraft Hospital.

Patricia Rogers is teaching in the Dominican Republic. Barbara Thompson has a position in the Jesse Ketchum Nursery School, and Shirley Smith is in a Nursery School in Kingston. Dorothy Hoyle is instructing at Havergal. Eunice Wright is with the Continental Mutual Life Association, Hartford, Conn., Ruth Jennings is in the "Star" office, and Josephine Benson with the Workmen's Compensation Board. Marjorie Hazelwood is selling Real Estate in Victoria, B.C. Joyce Tedman Howell is doing free lance newspaper work and also publicity for the J. A. Rank organization, Shirley Wilson is a consultant decorator with the Robert Simpson Co., Marjorie Schwartz is helping to edit the Canadian Review of Music and Art.

Sheila Kirkwood is under secretary to the Director of the Conservative Party of Great Britain, Gillian Bennett is assistant editor of the British Journal of Photography, London, England, and Katherine Cannon is working in a publishing firm in this same city, writing children's stories and doing some work at the university. Gretta Riddell is head woman secretary of the Student Christian Movement in England and is also working with International Relief.

Elizabeth Cumming Irwin and Pamela Conran Smith Hood are living in India, the former in Karachi, and the latter in Bombay; Milly Enge Wagner and Clara Enge Wagner in Germany, while Nancy Carroll Cole and Joan Fraser Pelly are domiciled in England, and Grace Ryrie Chisholm in Geneva, Switzerland. Jean Crombie Pierce is taking up residence in Mexico, her husband having been appointed Canadian Ambassador to that country. Cringan Trimble Smith Bingham is in Montevideo, where her husband is secretary at the British Embassy. Janet Brown Rumble is in Malaya. Jean Ross Mackay returned to Formosa in February. Margaret Trott Pope is again living in Bermuda. Mary Elizabeth Gall Tweedie, Mary Kingsmill Spragge, and Claire Gordon Cahoon are sojourning in Montreal, Dorothy Lyall Purkis in Valois, and Isabel Earl Fraser in Sherbrooke, P.Q. Gwen Prattis and Margery Bedford are sharing an apartment in Ottawa, and Barbara Angstrom Ambery, Mary Robinette McEvenue, and Kathleen O'Flynn Parker have joined the London, Ontario, Alumnae. Betty Piddington Robinson may be addressed Collingwood. Hamilton claims Delphine Gregory Moore and Doreen Brown Firth. Audrey Piddington Symmes and Portia Butt Hay are living in Kingston. Betty Darling Halwig resides in Kitchener, and Jane Aitken Gordon has

moved to Guelph. Ruth Carlyle Powell and Betty Naylor Lewis are in Welland, Patricia Kinnear Matthews in Port Arthur, Shirle Milner Brown in Copper Cliff, and Mary Young McQuarrie in Sudbury. Sheila Sprague Smith and Margaret Burkholder Hilliard have recently moved to Winnipeg, while Jane Kelley Dare is to be found in Vancouver. Mary Beth Des Brisay Marler is in Alberni, B.C. Jean Nesbitt Hall has returned to Toronto, to reside.

In the United States are Frances Butterfield Price, Memphis, Tenn.; Billie Scott Lawson, Wellsville, N.Y.; and Grace Paterson Bell, Marmaroneck, N.Y. Phyllis Anderson Duncan has moved to Arlington, Va., and Barbara Thomas Francis has left New York for Toledo, Ohio. Jean Caulfield Ferguson is living in Texas.

Alaine Jackson, Patricia and Isobel Coulthard were Diana Phillips Jackson's bridesmaids, Phyllis Robinson was maid of honour for Peggy Purvis Percival, Delphine Gregory, Joy Barnes Latimer and Doreen Brown supported Jean Seifert Bradford, and Margaret McKelvey and Nancy Trees accompanied Patricia Grant Clark up the aisle. Mary MacMillan and Sarah Symons performed this office for Mary Playfair Lorriman, and Mary MacMillan was also a bridesmaid, with Ann Nicolls, for Bridget Gregson Lawson. Mary Burroughes Gibson and Kathleen Burroughes Gullede had Margery Crawford with her, and Alison Henry stood up with Evelyn Saunders Pangman. Kathleen McGlade was one of Chloe Knaggs Bailey's maids, and Elizabeth Wardlaw and Beverley Balfour were two of Joan Bradburn Mansfield's. Mary Dease Stinson chose Virginia Carroll.

Margaret McQueen Heard's daughter, Susan, was married last October to Mr. David Carmichael, and Rita Bristol Foster's daughter, Alison, married Mr. Gault Kingsmill that same month.

Virginia Copping is President of the Toronto Junior League. Mary Wardlaw is Vice-President of the Ladies' Section, Mississauga Golf Club. Flora Featherstonhaugh Deeks is Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary, National Institute for the Blind.

Jean Adele Burritt won the Ladies' Singles title in the Eastern Canadian Lawn Tennis Championships held at the Toronto Tennis Club early last July.

Aileen Marks Clausen and Edythe Hewitt spent some time in Bermuda last Spring, Eleanor Ross Stewart was there in January, and

Marjorie Scott Boothe in February. Virginia Outerbridge Cooper left Bermuda that month to spend three months in England with her husband who is making a survey of Great Britain's banking methods. Helen Lawson Bongard was in Nassau in March. Irla Mueller had a delightful trip to Mexico and the southern United States, escaping the Canadian winter. Isabel Lindsay Irwin was in Mexico City, and while there saw Bessie Storey Cole. Mary Anderson sailed in March to spend three months in Scotland visiting her sister. Rubye MacMillan Strawn, who lives in Florida, was in Canada during the summer. Agnes Merson spent nine months in India last winter. Trudeau and Barbara Spencer passed through Toronto in February en route to Cuba and several Central American countries.

Agnes Campbell Heslip, Betty Mickleborough Trethewey, and Claire Dibble are the latest additions to the Life Membership list of the Alumnae.

Elizabeth Burruss who is, at present, living in England, was in Toronto last autumn for a few weeks. She served with the Fanyes during the war and had many interesting experiences. Towards the end she was attached to the Danish section of the resistance movement headquarters in London. She visited Denmark shortly after V E Day.

The daughters of Helen Kilmer McGahan and Catharine Crombie Wales are in the residence, and in the Day School are the children of Marjorie Evans Britt, Peggy Marshall Buchanan, Florence Fraser Drew Smith, Eleanor Ross Stewart, Marion Lumbers Gibson, Liliast Ralston Hawke, Mary Johnston Magee, Katherine Lea McLean, Barbara Waite Kee, Doreen Shaw Rutledge, Louella Scott Farmer. Marjorie Bone Walwyn sends a second daughter.

Among those who visited the school lately are:—Marion Green, Helen Hall Russell, Joan Crosbie, Jean Hetherington, Ethel Wadge MacLennan, Helen Russell, Isabel Eastcott Billings.

Marriages

1946

Evelyn Beddow to Christopher Dodwell, May 11th.
Pauline Phillips to Robt. R. G. Hoare, May 20th.
Janet James to Jas. Ashford McCague, May 25th.
Eleanor Mitchell to John Macivor, May 25th.
Marjorie New to Richard Jas. Roberts, May 25th.
Jane Kelley to Michael R. Dare, May 25th.
Grace Cochrane Davey to Andrew T. Patten, May 28th.
Eleanor Brooks to Ian C. Woolley, June 1st.
Diana Phillips to Philip B. Jackson, June 6th.
Barbara Buckland to George W. Chisholm, June 8th.
Jean Macdonald to Roy C. Bennett, June 13th.
Errol Grosch Hilton to Robt. B. Mackenzie, June 15th.
Shirley Watson to Stuart T. Grant, June 19th.
Constance McNeill to George H. Scott, June 21st.
Meryl Bigelow to Lawrence A. Gregory, June 24th.
Elizabeth Cumming to Angus Irwin, June 25th.
Peggy Purvis to Edward G. Percival, June 27th.
Jean Seifert to Douglas E. Bradford, June 29th.
Johan Nathanson to Jerome L. Ostrow, July 2nd.
Sylvia Lyon Deyell to Odd Wanwig, July 6th.
Patricia Gilday to Geo. W. Brown, August 17th.
Barbara Pickard to Thos. Le R. Ickes, August 24th.
Kathleen Elgie to John D. Sprague, September 7th.
Margaret Kroehle to David S. Dennison, September 7th.
Patricia McConnell to Dean S. Ross, September 7th.
Shirle Milner to Wm. A. Brown, September 7th.
Daphne Hodgson to Eliot B. Frosst, September 10th.
Margann Stowe to Michael M. Fitzpatrick, September 10th.
Portia Butt to Keith J. Hay, September 12th.
Ruth Evelyn Hewetson to Lewis R. H. Matthews, September 14th.
Mary Stuart Playfair to J. Garfield Lorrimer, September 21st.
Rosemary Balfour to Donald Selkirk, September 27th.
Dorothy Hardy McPhee to Jas. L. Elvidge, September 28th.
Patricia Grant to Joseph A. P. Clark, September 28th.
Kate Brydon to Chas. Wm. Brown, September 28th.
Sylvia Dilworth to W. Hurst Brown, October 1st.
Margery Dodds to Archibald B. Gardner, October 5th.

Bridget Gregson to Wm. Geo. Lawson, October 5th.
Joan Ostrander to Jas. E. Frampton, October 5th.
Joan Fraser to John K. Pelly, October 8th.
Helen Ackerman to David G. Morton, October 12th.
Rosemary Hewetson to Robt. John Amell, October 14th.
Mary Burroughes to John Wm. Gibson, October 18th.
Barbara Angstrom to Chas. C. Ambery, October 19th.
Shirley Jackson to Roy B. Morrison, November 9th.
Delphine Gregory to F. Ghent Moore, November 9th.
Gary Armstrong to Denis E. Smith, November 14th.
Mary Kinnear to Ralph C. Ritchie, November 23rd.
Betty Ellsworth Balmer to Stewart D. Robinson, November 16th.
Rosamund Wharton to John Ley, November 30th.
Nancy Carroll to John W. Cole, December 14th.
Claire Gordon to George Cahoon, December 14th.
Joan Mitchell to James Flintoft, December 27th.
Mary Mahon to Wm. Sheane, December 28th.

1947

Evelyn Saunders to Peter M. Pangman, January 2nd.
Isabel Mackay to Donald MacKeen, January 3rd.
Mary Robinette to Geo. Paul McEvenue, January 4th.
Grace Hortop to Howard S. Reinke, January 8th.
Dorothy Watson to Ross Mackay, January 11th.
Chloe Knaggs to Kenneth Bailey, January 25th.
Barbara Waterbury to Hugh R. Park, January 28th.
Betsy Green to Geo. M. Hagey, January 29th.
Joan Bradburn to George Mansfield, January 31st.
Muriel Heddle to Eric D. Scott, January 31st.
Doreen Brown to C. Grant Firth, February 1st.
Gwendolyn Armstrong to Leonard J. Cornfoot, February 15th.
Louise Mackenzie to Hugh Murphy, February 18th.
Grace Despard to Robt. R. Brown, February 21st.
Pamela Conran Smith to Kester Hood, March 8th.
Maria Quintana to Enrique P. Castagne, March 12th.
Joan Tamblyn to Robt. C. A. Waddell, April 11th.
Mary Dease to Wm. J. Stinson, April 18th.
Isabel Earl to Hugh M. Fraser, April 21st.
Madeleine Windeyer to Robt. W. Parke, April 26th.
Mary Sloan to Chas. John Musson, April 26th.
Betty Darling to Lloyd Halwig, April 30th.
Marion Bell to Hugh R. McMillan, May 10th.

Births 1946

Sheila Sprague Roberts, a daughter, March 31st.
Marjorie Eastbury Robinson, a daughter, May 5th.
Jean Boyd Smith, a son, May 5th.
Isabel Wilson Ramsay, a daughter, May 14th.
Joan Franks Macdonald, a son, May 14th.
Mary McFarland Smith, a daughter, May 15th.
Marion Fox Squires, a son, May 19th.
Helen Pidgeon Caesar, a daughter, May 23rd.
Katharine Dean Cathes, a son, May 28th.
Barbara Waite Kee, a son, May 28th.
Jane Morgan Brooker, a son, May 29th.
Inez Ante Bushnell, a daughter, June 4th.
Martha Coryell Gibson, a daughter, June 5th.
Joan Knowlton Ayers, a daughter, June 5th.
Elizabeth McKechnie Ridler, a son, June 11th.
Marion Armitage Corless, a son, June 13th.
Mary Walker Beggs, a daughter, June 14th.
Muriel Harold Pickell, a son, June 14th.
Anne Wilks McGuire, a daughter, June 18th.
Margaret Gibbs Jackson, a daughter, June 22nd.
Isobel Waite Dunster, a daughter, June 22nd.
Betty Harrison Patterson, a son, June 24th.
Christine Pearse Karn, a daughter, June 27th.
Joyce Caudwell Stewart, a daughter, June 27th.
Margaret Grafton Ross, a son, June 27th.
Esme Pattison Rose, a son, June 27th.
Phyllis Shepherd McFeat, a son, June 28th.
Mary Young McQuarrie, a son, June 28th.
Betty Piddington Robinson, a son, June 28th.
Betty Chambers Pearce, a son, July 12th.
Frances Butterfield Price, a daughter, July 23rd.
Dorothy Lyall Purkis, a son, July 23rd.
Zillah Caudwell MacFarlane, a son, July 27th.
Margaret Heather Pennal, a son, September 1st.
Nancy Pattison Campbell, a daughter, September 2nd.
Kathleen Coots Perry, a son, September 4th.
Winnifred Walker Ames, a daughter, September 13th.
Phyllis Pattison Caldwell, a daughter, September 19th.
Gwen Millar Berry, a son, October 1st.
Mary Becker Grant, a daughter, October 14th.

Peggy Waldie Lounsborough, a son, October 15th.
Doris Sweeney Price, a son, October 19th.
Jean Harris Horne, a son, October 20th.
Nancy Stirrett Renison, a daughter, October 24th.
Norma Gagnon Taylor, a daughter, November 1st.
Billie Scott Lawson, a son, November 8th.
Audrey Angas De Mara, a daughter, November 10th.
Barbara Baird Medland, a daughter, November 11th.
Katharine Whitehead Lamprey, a daughter, November 13th.
Lois Rapley Floud, a son, November 14th.
Betty Wallace Rhodes, a daughter, November 16th.
Florence Cramp Thornham, a son, November 26th.
Ellen West Ayer, a son, December 9th.
Mary Dickson Ringland, a daughter, December 10th.
Honor Heyes Reburn, a son, December 31st.

1947

Janice Watt Kneale, a daughter, January 9th.
Katharine Kemp Tidy, a daughter, January 13th.
Barbara Wheelwright Gibson, a son, January 20th.
Miriam Locke Barrett, a daughter, January 26th.
Mary Gall Tweedie, a daughter, January 27th.
Sonia Williams Bird, a son, January 30th.
Marian MacGregor Greene, a son, January 30th.
Margaret Mackenzie Broad, a daughter, January 31st.
Peggy Hodge Hand, a daughter, February 1st.
Eleanor Henderson Twardouski, a daughter, February 6th.
Barbara Thomas Francis, a daughter, February 9th.
Gwynneth Scholfield Thompson, a son, February 11th.
Joy Ferguson Housser, a daughter, February 15th.
Eleanor Watt Lanskail, a daughter, February 19th.
Elizabeth Henry Boyer, a daughter, February 24th.
Mary Percy Wunker, a son, February 28th.
Marguerite Clark Somers, a son, February 28th.
Audrey Piddington Symmes, a son, March 3rd.
Betty Smith Tiller, a son, March 4th.
Diana Phillips Jackson, a son, March 9th.
Phyllis West Sutherland, a daughter, March 10th.
Roberta Johnston Fraser, a daughter, March 16th.
Beatrice Bullen Gordon, a son, March 18th.
Catherine Bastedo Shragge, a daughter, March 21st.
Ruth Davis McDaniel, a son, March 24th.
Jean Loblaw Dawson, a daughter, March 26th.

Johan Nathanson Ostrow, a daughter, March 28th.
Nancy Dibblee McLean, a son, March 30th.
Margaret Lemon McKay, a daughter, March 31st.
Betty Assheton Smith, a son, April 1st.
Barbara Buckland Chisholm, a daughter, April 2nd.
Kathleen O'Flynn Parker, a son, April 2nd.
Joan Hannay Ross, a daughter, April 10th.
Darwina Faessler Moore, a daughter, April 11th.
Marnie Milner Kerrigan, a son, April 16th.
Cringan Trimble Smith-Bingham, a daughter, April 18th.
Marjory Stapells McQuigge, a son, April 20th.
Hope Smith Lowry, a daughter, April 20th.
Betty Naylor Lewis, a daughter, April 20th.
Mary Kingsmill Spragge, a son, April 23rd.
Carol Hendry Duffus, a daughter, April 26th.

DEATHS

1946

Mr. Justice Gillanders, husband of Kathleen White Gillanders and father of Jean, May 15th.
Mr. W. M. Temple, husband of Violet Maulson Temple, November 27th.

1947

Mr. Joseph M. Bullen, K.C., husband of Gracia Winchester Bullen, and father of Gracia and Beatrice, February 15th.
Mr. W. J. Morrow, husband of Margaret Kinsman Morrow, March 15th.
Mr. Wm. Forster, husband of Edith Ames Forster, March 25th.

STAFF

Marriages

Miss Joyce McConnell to Mr. Colin MacGowan, September 13th, 1946.

Deaths

Mademoiselle Henriette Haye, February 12th, 1947.
Miss Alice Mansfield, April 8th, 1947.

IN MEMORIAM

Katherine Anderson Selby, September 8th, 1946.
Florence Moncur Ellis, March 15th, 1947.

Autographs - -

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SEEK *ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near—Isa. 55:6.*

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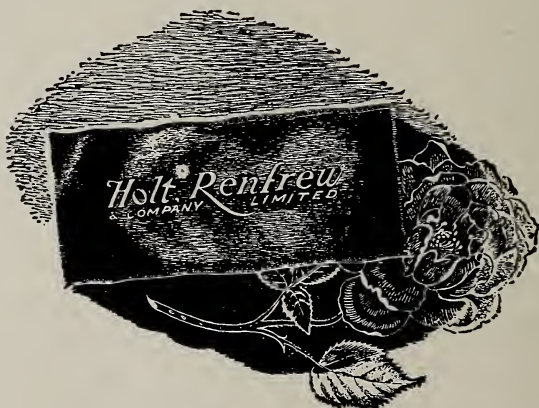
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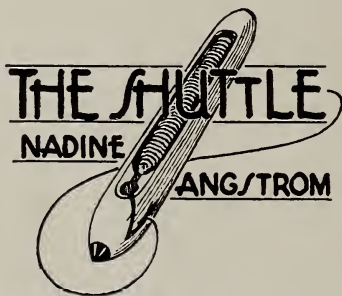
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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE		PAGE
A		L	
Nadine Angstrom	102	S. Lightfoot & Son, Ltd.	111
B		S. E. Lyons Limited	109
Bank of Nova Scotia	86	Lyon & Butler	103
Baker-Ashdown, Ltd.	85	H. A. Livingston	110
Birks-Ellis-Ryrie	94	Reginald H. Langlois	111
Borden's	88	M	
British-American Oil Co. Ltd.	89	Maccomb Publishing Co.	90
C		A. Matthews	100
Graham Cassels	105	Helen Miller's Beauty Salon	109
Canada Bread	95	Harry T. Munro	104
Carnahan's	101	Mutual Life of Canada	93
Mrs. Chambers	104	N	
Clifton Ltd.	100	William Neilson, Ltd.	84
Club Coffee Co.	104	John Northway & Sons, Ltd.	87
George Coles Ltd.	108	P	
Commercial Life	102	Pitman Shorthand	103
Coolings	103	Q	
Camp Gay Venture	110	Queensdale Tea Room	97
D		R	
F. H. Deacon & Co.	108	Riddell, Stead, Graham & Hutchison	109
E. F. DeFoe	111	Robertson Bros., Ltd.	106
Dominion Bank	92	B. A. Robinson	108
Dominion of Canada General Insurance Co.	94	Roher's Book Shop	107
E		S	
T. Eaton Co. (Inside Back Cover)		St. Andrew's College	93
Evangeline Shops	99	Robert Simpson Co., Ltd.	81
Evangelical Publishers	91	Shaw Business Schools	96
G		A. M. Shook & Co.	106
Garaway Distributors Ltd.	99	Skitch Clothes	105
W. J. Gage & Co., Ltd.	103	Staines Flowers	105
Gift and Toy Shop	109	Walter Stewart	98
S. Godfrey	107	T	
H		G. Tamblyn Ltd.	102
Hamilton Bros.	97	U	
Heintzman Pianos & Co.	96	Uptown Nut House	110
Holt Renfrew & Co., Ltd.	92	V	
George M. Hendry Co., Ltd.	106	Varsity Arena	104
Hooper's Drug Store	106	W	
Harmony Grill	110	Whitewood's Riding School	98
I		Whyte's Packing Co., Ltd.	95
Imperial Oil Limited	83	Winona Flowers	108
Interesting Jewelry Shop	105	Wonder Bakeries	101
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Kents, Ltd.	102		



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1000